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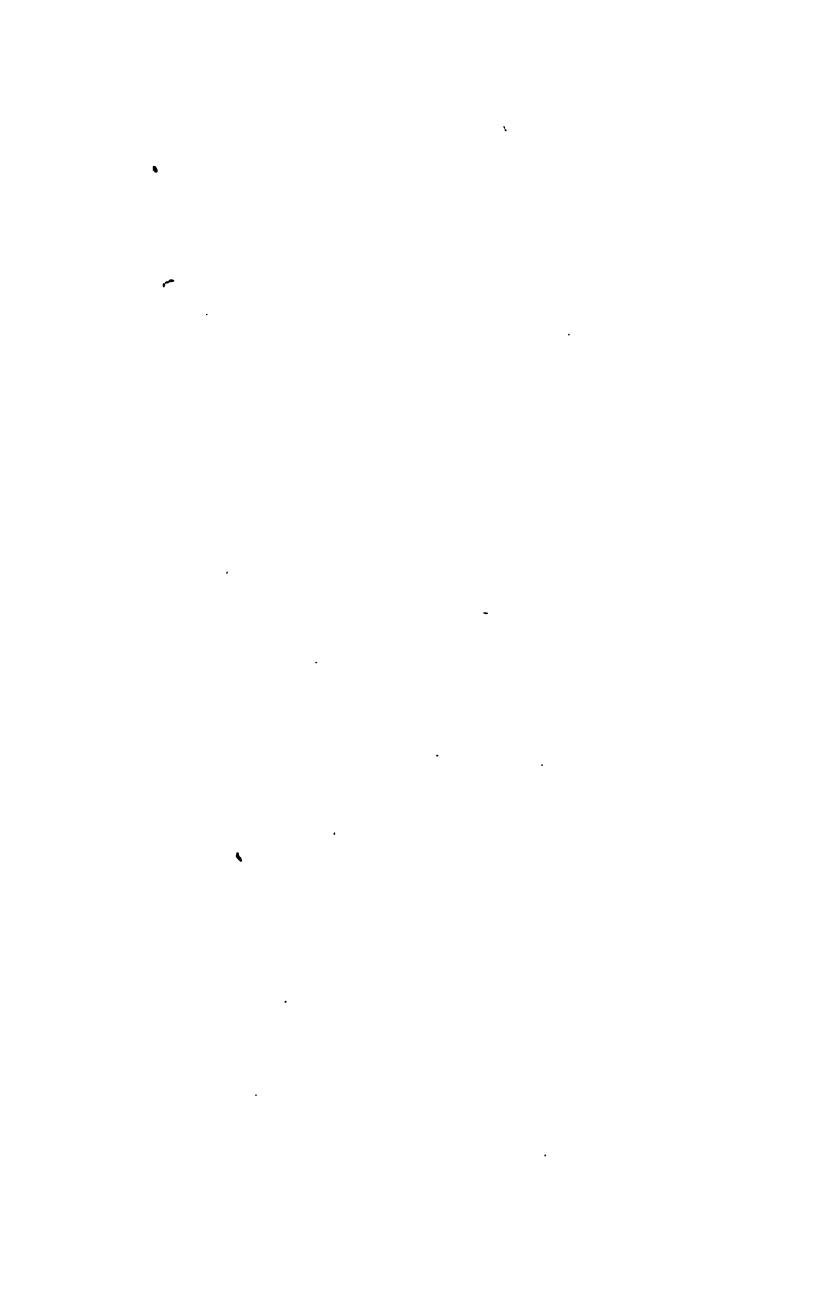
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BELL'S
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VOL. I.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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ETHIC EPISTLES.

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ETHIC EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

To the Honorable
PHILIP YORKE.

(NOW EARL OF HARDWICKE.)
BY SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

Atque ipsa Utilitas, justè prope mater et æqui. Hor.

THOU, whom nor honors, wealth, nor youth can spoil
With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, YORKE (for sure, if any, you can tell),
What Virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen?
By what sure marks her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place,
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own;
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man, too oft a well-dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart,
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valor usurps her honors, and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of Virtue would express,

'Tis still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humor, frugal craft old-age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage ;
True churchmen zeal right orthodox ; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence :
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will ?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light ;
For no less plain would nature's law appear,
As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear.
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must Virtue be.

Then what is that ? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose ;
His goodness only could his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul, and sense diffus'd through every place,
Make happiness as infinite as space ;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays ;

Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd species live through every part :
In every tract of ocean, earth, and skies
Myriads of creatures still successive rise ;
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed ;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care :
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;
Each, form'd for all, promotes through private care
The public good, and justly tastes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill ;
Mankind excepted ; lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others' woe, and courts his own ;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame :
Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own :
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,

As if he could atone for crimes by more :
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts, and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task ;
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
With every act injurious to our own
Or others' good, for such are crimes alone :
For this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws ;
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty, and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty :
Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
And work salvation out with fear and pain ?
We own, the rigid lessons of their schools
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules :
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain ;
Pleasure and vice are ever near akin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin :

Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way ;
God is a being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In sun-shine for awhile to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Mistaken men, too piously severe !
Through craft misleading, or misled by fear ;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,
Our universal parent, guardian, friend !
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for awhile his fond paternal care
Feasts us with every joy our state can bear :
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight ;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine ;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live :
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use :
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;

Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade ;
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy ;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear ;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase ;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
Through wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their
guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail !

None would hereafter then with groundless fear
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,

Predestinating some without pretence
To heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And fav'ring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him, none would foolishly forbear,
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe, or teach,
What reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice;
Would in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who nearer to the right,
Think Virtue is but to dispense delight.

No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human-kind;
Of pow'r divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistance to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then, righteous to excess,
Would show fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away ;

No preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright ;
Not conj'ers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws
Would fatten on obscurities, and flaws,
But rather, nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great ;
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain :
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease ;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy ;
Virtue with Happiness her consort join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

EPISTLE II.

OF

ACTIVE AND RETIRED LIFE.

TO

HENRY COVENTRY, ESQ.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

*Meno quidem iudicio neuter culpandus, alter dum expetit debitos titulos, dum
alter mavult videri contempsisse. Plin. Ep.*

Yes, you condemn those sages too refin'd,
That gravely lecture ere they know mankind ;
Who whilst ambition's fiercer fires they blame,
Would damp each useful spark that kindles fame.
'Tis in false estimates the folly lies ;
The passion's blameless, when the judgment's wise-
In vain philosophers with warmth contest,
Life's secret shade, or open walk is best :
Each has its separate joys, and each its use :
This calls the Patriot forth, and that the Muse.
Hence not alike to all the species, Heav'n
An equal thirst of public fame has giv'n :
Patrius it forms to shine in action great ;
While Decio's talents best adorn retreat.

If where Pierian Maids delight to dwell,
The haunts of silence, and the peaceful cell,
Had, fair Astraea! been thy Talbot's choice,
Could list'ning crowds now hang upon his voice?
And thou, blest Maid, might'st long have wept in
The distant glories of a second reign,
In exile doom'd yet ages to complain.

Where high ambition still the power confess'd
That rul'd with equal sway in every breast,
Say where the glories of the sacred Nine?
Where Homer's verse sublime, or, Milton, thine?
Nor thou, sweet Bard! who "turn'dst the tuneful art,
"From sound to sense, from fancy to the heart,"
Thy lays instructive to the world hadst giv'n,
Nor greatly justify'd the laws of heav'n.

Let satire blast with every mark of *haté*,
The vain aspirer, or dishonest Great,
Whom love of wealth, or wild ambition's sway
Push forward, still regardless of the way;
High, and more high, who aim with restless pride,
Where neither reason nor fair virtue guide:
And him, the wretch, who labors on with pain,
For the low lucre of an useless gain,
(Wise but to get, and active but to save)
May scorn deserv'd still follow to the grave.
But he, who fond to raise a splendid name,
On life's ambitious height would fix his fame,

- 2
= In active arts, or vent'rous arms would shine,
Yet shuns the paths which virtue bids decline ;
Who dignifies his wealth by gen'rous use,
To raise th' oppress'd, or merit to produce——
Shall reason's voice impartial e'er condemn
c The glorious purpose of so wise an aim ?

Where virtue regulates this just desire,
'Twere dangerous folly to suppress its fire.
Say, whence could fame supply (its force unknown)
Her roll illustrious of fair renown ?
What laurels prompt the hero's useful rage ?
What prize the patriot's weighty toils engage ?
Each public passion bound to endless frost,
Each deed of social worth for ever lost.
O! may the Muse inspire the love of praise,
Raise the bright passion, but with judgment raise ?
For this she oft has tun'd her sacred voice,
Call'd forth the patriot, and approv'd his choice ;
Bid him the steep ascent to honor take,
Nor till the summit gain'd, her paths forsake.

Yet not success alone true fame attends ;
He too shall reach it who but well intends.
See 'midst the vanquish'd virtuous, Falkland lies ;
His gen'rous efforts vain, and vain his sighs ;
Yet true to merit faithful records tell
To distant ages how the patriot fell :
Blest youth ! insur'd the sweetest voice of praise,
Who lives approv'd in Pope's unrivall'd lays.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example best instructs the heart ;
Then look on Patrius, let his conduct shew
From active life what various blessings flow.
In him a just ambition stands confess'd ;
It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.
See him in senates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart ;
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,
The honest purpose of his steady soul.
No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue
To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong ;
But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labors tend,
And all his toils in Britain's interest end.
To him each neighbour safe refers his claim,
The right he settles, and abates the flame.
Nor arts nor worth to Patrius sue in vain,
Nor unreliev'd the injur'd e'er complain.
For him the hand unseen, are pray'rs prefer'd,
And grateful vows in distant temples heard ;
Like nature's blessings to no part confin'd,
His well-pois'd bounty reaches all mankind ;
That insolence of wealth, the pomp of state
Which crowds the mansions of the vainly great,
Flies far the limits of his modest gate.
Just what is elegantly useful 's there ;
Of aught beyond he scorns th' unworthy care ;
Nor would for all the trim that pride can show,

One single act of social aid forego ;
For this he labours to improve his store,
For this he wishes to enlarge his pow'r ;
This is his life's great purpose, end, and aim :
Such true ambition is, and worthy fame.

How different Rapax spent his worthless hour !
With treasure indigent, a slave with pow'r :
Large sums o'erlooking, still intent on more,
He wasted, not enjoy'd, his tasteless store.
His growing greatness rais'd his hopes the high'r,
And fan'd his restless pride's increasing fire.
'Twas thus amidst prosperity he pin'd ;
For what can fill the false ambitious mind ?
~~With~~ ^{With} all the honors that his prince could give,
With all the wealth his av'rice could receive,
'Midst outward opulence, but inward care,
Reproach and want were all he left his heir.

'Tis true, the patriot well deserves his fame,
And from his country just applause may claim.
But what avails it to the world beside,
That Brutus bravely stab'd, or Curtius dy'd ?
While Tully's merit, unconfin'd to place,
Diffuses blessings down through all our race ;
Remotest times his learned labours reach,
And Rome's great moralist ev'n now shall teach.

Averse to public noise, ambition's strife,
And all the splendid ills of busy life,

Through latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,
Are there who wish to pass unheeded by ?
Whom calm retirement's sacred pleasures move,
The hour contemplative, or friend they love ;
Yet not by spleen, or superstition led,
Forbear ambition's giddy heights to tread ;
Who not inglorious spend their peaceful day,
Whilst science, lovely star ! directs their way ?
Flows there not something good from such as these ?
No useful product from the men of ease ?
And shall the Muse no social merit boast ?
Are all her vigils to the public lost ?
Though noisy pride may scorn her silent toil,
Fair are the fruits which bless her happy soil :
There every plant of useful produce grows,
There science sprang, and thence instruction flows :
There true philosophy erects her school,
There plans her problem, and there forms her rule ;
There every seed of every art began,
And all that eases life, and brightens man.

'Twas hence great Newton, mighty genius ! soar'd
And all creation's wond'rous range explor'd.
Far as th' Almighty stretch'd his utmost line,
He pierc'd in thought, and view'd the vast design.
Too long had darker ages sought in vain
The secret scheme of nature to explain ;
Too long had truth escap'd each sage's eye,
Or faintly shone through vain philosophy.
Each shapely offspring of her feeble thought,

A darker veil o'er genuine science brought ;
Still stubborn facts o'erthrew their fruitless toil ;
For truth and fiction who shall reconcile ?
But Britain's sons a surer guide pursue ;
Thread safe the maze, since Newton gave the clue.
Where-e'er he turn'd true Science rear'd her head,
While far before her puzzled Ign'rance fled :
From each blest truth these noble ends he draws,
Use to mankind, and to their God applause.
Taught by his rules secure the merchant rides,
When threat'ning seas roll high their dreadful tides ;
And either India speeds her precious stores,
'Midst various dangers safe to Britain's shores.
Long as those orbs he weigh'd shall shed their rays,
His truth shall guide us, and shall last his praise.

Yet if so just the fame, the use so great,
Systems to poise, and spheres to regulate ;
To teach the secret well-adapted force,
That steers of countless orbs th' unvaried course ;
Far brighter honors wait the nobler part,
To balance manners, and conduct the heart.
Order without us, what imports it seen,
If all is restless anarchy within ?
Fir'd by this thought, greatly Ashley, gen'rous sage,
Plan'd in sweet leisure his instructive page.
Not orbs he weighs, but marks, with happier skill,
The scope of actions and the poise of will :
In fair proportion here describ'd we trace
Each mental beauty, and each moral grace ;

Each useful passion taught, its tone design'd,
In the nice concord of a well-tun'd mind.
Does mean self-love contract each social aim ?
Here public transports shall thy soul inflame.
Virtue and Deity supremely fair,
Too oft delineated with looks severe,
Resume their native smiles and graces here :
Sooth'd into love relenting foes admire,
And warmer raptures every friend inspire.

Such are the fruits which from retirement spring:
These blessings ease and learned leisure bring.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy.
For one who knows to taste this god-like bliss,
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss ?
Though each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to ru)
Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone.
The gods, to curse poor Demea, heard his vow,
And business now no more contracts his brow :
Nor real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest ;
The slightest trifles solid sorrows prove,
And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to
move.

Useless in business, yet unfit for ease,
Nor skill'd to mend mankind, nor form'd to please,

Such spurious animals of worthless race
Live but the public burthen and disgrace :
Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen,
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

The mind not taught to think, no useful store
To fix reflection, dreads the vacant hour.
Turn'd on its self its numerous wants are seen,
And all the mighty void that lies within.
Yet cannot wisdom stamp our joys complete ;
'Tis conscious virtue crowns the best retreat.
Who feels not that, the private path must shun ;
And fly to public view t' escape his own ;
In life's gay scenes uneasy thoughts suppress,
And lull each anxious care in dreams of peace.
'Midst foreign objects not employ'd to roam,
Thought, sadly active, still corrodes at home :
A serious moment breaks the false repose,
And guilt in all its naked horror shows.

He who would know retirement's joy refin'd,
The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind :
No Cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,
With him must enter the sequester'd cell,
Who means with pleasing solitude to dwell ;
But equal passions let his bosom rule,
A judgment candid, and a temper cool,
Enlarg'd with knowledge, and in conscience clear,
Above life's empty hopes, and death's vain fear.

Such he must be who greatly lives alone ;
Such Portio is, in crowded scenes unknown.
For public life with every talent born,
Portio far off retires with decent scorn ;
Though without business, never unemploy'd,
And life, as more at leisure, more enjoy'd :
For who like him can various science taste,
His mind shall never want an endless feast.
In his blest ev'ning walk may'st thou, may I,
Oft friendly join in sweet society ;
Our lives like his in one smooth current flow,
Nor swell'd with tempest, nor too calmly slow,
Whilst he, like some great sage of Rome or Greece,
Shall calm each rising doubt, and speak us peace,
Correct each thought, each wayward wish control,
And stamp with every virtue all the soul.

Ah! how unlike is Umbrio's gloomy scene,
Estrang'd from all the cheerful ways of men !
There superstition works her baneful pow'r,
And darkens all the melancholy hour.
Unnumber'd fears corrode and haunt his breast,
With all that whim or ign'rance can suggest.
In vain for him kind nature pours her sweets ;
The visionary saint no joy admits,
But seeks with pious spleen fantastic woes,
And for heav'n's sake heav'n's offer'd good forego

Whate'er's our choice we still with pride prefer
And all who deviate, vainly think must err :

lio, in books and abstract notions lost,
none but knaves and fools in honor's post ;
ilst Syphax, fond on fortune's sea to sail,
l boldly drive before the flatt'ring gale
ward her dang'rous ocean to explore),
demns as cowards those who make the shore.
so my friend impartial,—man he views
ful in what he shuns as what pursues ;
different turns to general good conspire,
hero's passion and the poet's fire ;
n figure plac'd in nature's wise design,
h true proportion and exactest line :
lights and shades unite in due degree,
l form the whole with fairest symmetry.

EPISTLE III.

LIFE BURDENSOME,

BECAUSE

WE KNOW NOT HOW TO USE IT.

BY EDWARD ROLLE, B. D.

WHAT? sir,—a month, and not one line afford !
'Tis well:—how finely some folk keep their word !
I own my promise—But to steal an hour,
'Midst all this hurry—'tis not in my pow'r,
Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
Successive journies, weariness and sleep.
Or if our scheme some interval allows,
Some hours design'd for thought and for repose ;
Soon as the scatter'd images begin
In the mind to rally—company comes in :
Reason, adieu ! there's no more room to think ;
For all the day behind is noise and drink.
Thus life rolls on, but not without regret ;
Whene'er at morning, in some cool retreat
I walk alone:—'tis then in thought I view
Some sage of old ; 'tis then I think of you ;

Whose breast no tyrant passions ever seize,
No pulse that riots, blood that disobeys ;
Who follow but where judgment points the way,
And whom too busy sense ne'er led astray.
Not that you joys with moderation shun ;
You taste all pleasures, but indulge in none.
Fir'd by this image, I resolve anew :
'Tis reason calls, and peace and joy 's in view.
How bless'd a change ! a long adieu to sense :
O shield me, sapience ! virtue's reign commence !
Alas, how short a reign !—the walk is o'er,
The dinner waits, and friends some half a score :
At first to virtue firm, the glass I fly ;
'Till some sly sot,—“ Not drink the family !”
Thus gratitude is made to plead for sin ;
My trait'rous breast a party forms within :
And inclination brib'd, we never want
Excuse—“ 'Tis hot, and walking makes one faint.”
Now sense gets strength ; my bright resolves decay,
Like stars that melt at the approach of day :
Thought dies ; and ev'n, at last, your image fades
away.

My head grows warm ; ll reason I despise :
“ To-day be happy, and to-morrow wise !”
Betray'd so oft, I'm half persuaded now,
Surely to fail, the first step is to vow.

The country lately, 'twas my wish : oh there !
Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air :
For London now, dear London, how I burn !

I must be happy, sure, when I return.
Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
Hopes for what never was, nor e'er will be :
'The nearest case, since we must suffer still,
Are they who dare be patient under ill.

Whilom a fool saw where a fiddle lay ;
And after poring round it, strove to play :
Above, below, across, all ways he tries ;
He tries in vain, 'tis discord all and noise :
Fretting he threw it by : then thus the lout ;
“ There 's music in it, could I fetch it out.”
If life does not its harmony impart,
We want not instruments, but have not art.
'Tis endless to defer our hopes of ease,
'Till crosses end, and disappointments cease.
'The sage is happy, not that all goes right,
His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight ;
'The mind for ease is fitted to the wise,
Not so the fool's—'tis here the difference lies ;
'Their prospect is the same, but various are their
eyes.

EPISTLE IV.

THE
DUTY OF EMPLOYING ONE'S SELF.

By the Same.

Few people know it, yet, dear-sir, 'tis true,
Man should have somewhat evermore to do.
Hard labour 's tedious, every one must own;
But surely better such by far, than none;
The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,
Whose life at nothing aims, but—to be spent;
Such Heaven visits for some mighty ill:
'Tis sure the hardest labour, to sit still.
Hence that unhappy tribe who nought pursue:
Who sin, for want of something else to do.

Sir John is bless'd with riches, honor, love;
And to be bless'd indeed, needs only move.
For want of this, with pain he lives away,
A lump of hardly animated clay:
Dull 'till his double bottle does him right;
He 's easy just at twelve o'clock at night.
Thus for one sparkling hour alone he 's blest;
While spleen and head-ach seize on all the rest.

What numbers, sloth with gloomy humors fills!
Racking their brains with visionary ills.
Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning rage,
What endless quarrels at the present age !
How many blame ! how often may we hear,
“ Such vice !—well, sure, the last day must be near ! ”
T’ avoid such wild, imaginary pains,
The sad creation of distemper’d brains,
Dispatch, dear friend ! move, labour, sweat, run, fly !
Do aught—but think the day of judgment nigh.

There are, who’ve lost all relish for delight :
With them no earthly thing is ever right.
T’ expect to alter to their taste, were vain ;
For who can mend so fast, as they complain ?
Whate’er you do, shall be a crime with such ;
One while you’ve lost your tongue, then talk too
much :

Thus shall you meet their waspish censure still ;
As hedge-hogs prick you, go which side you will.
Oh ! pity these whene’er you see them swell !
Folks call ’em cross—poor men ! they are not well.
How many such, in indolence grown old,
With vigor ne’er do any thing, but scold ?
Who spirits only from ill-humor get ;
Like wines that die, unless upon the fret,

Weary’d of flouncing to himself alone,
Acerbus keeps a man to fret upon.
The fellow’s nothing on the earth to do,

But to sit quiet and be scolded to.
Pishes and oaths, whene'er the master's sour'd,
All largely on the scape-goat slave are pour'd.
This drains his rage ; and though to John so rough,
Abroad you'd think him complaisant enough.

As for myself, whom poverty prevents
From being angry at so great expence ;
Who, should I ever be inclin'd to rage,
For want of slaves, war with myself must wage ;
Must rail, and bear ; chastising, be chastis'd ;
Be both the tyrant, and the tyranniz'd ;
I choose to labor, rather than to fret :
What's rage in some, in me goes off in sweat.
If times are ill, and things seem never worse ;
Men, manners to reclaim,—I take my horse.
One mile reforms 'em, or if aught remain
Unpurg'd,—'tis but to ride as far again.
Thus on myself in toils I spend my rage :
I pay the fine ; and that absolves the age.

Sometimes, still more to interrupt my ease,
I take my pen, and write such things as these :
Which though all other merit be deny'd,
Shew my devotion still to be employ'd.
Add too, though writing be itself a curse,
Yet some distempers are a cure for worse ;
And since 'midst indolence, spleen will prevail,
Since who do nothing else, are sure to rail ;

Man should be suffer'd thus to play the fool,
To keep from hurt, as children go to school.

You should not rhyme in spite of nature !—True
Yet sure 'tis greater trouble, if you do :
And if 'tis lab'ring only, men profess,
Who writes the hardest, writes with most success.

Thus for myself and friends, I do my part ;
Promoting doubly the pains-taking art :
First to myself, 'tis labour to compose ;
To read such lines, is drudgery to those.

EPISTLE V.

ON HONOR.

To the
LORD VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

BY JOHN BROWN, D. D.

Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi ;
Quique Sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat ;
Quique pii Vates, & Phoebæ digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo ;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora vitta. Virg.

-----Who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of Merit ? Shakspeare.

YES : all, my Lord, usurp fair HONOR's fame,
Though false as various be the boasted claim :
Th' ambitious miser swells his boundless store,
And dreads that highest scandal, to be poor ;
His wiser heir derides the dotard's aim,
And bids profusion bribe him into fame.
Oft' Honor, perching on the ribbon'd breast,
Sneers at weak justice, and defies th' arrest :
She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings ;
She wakes the Muse to flight, and plumes her wings ;

The soldier views her in the shining blade ;
The pedant 'midst the lumber in his head.
She to fell Treason the disguise can lend,
And sheath her sword remorseless in a friend :
Her throne's fantastic pride, we often see
Rear'd on the tombs of Truth and Honesty ;
Fops, templars, courtiers, slaves, cheats, patriots, all
Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.

Where fix we then ?—Each boasting thus his own,
Say, does *true* Honor dwell with all, or none ?

The truth, my Lord, is clear: though impious
pride
Be ever self-ador'd, self-deify'd ;
Though fools by passion or self-love betray'd,
Fall down and worship what themselves have made ;
Still does the Goddess, in her form divine,
O'er each grim idol eminently shine ;
Array'd in lasting majesty, is known
Through every clime and age, unchang'd, and one.

But how explor'd ?—Take Reason for your guide,
Discard self-love ; set passion's glass aside ;
Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.
Yet judge not rashly from a partial view
Of what is wrong or right, or false or true ;
Objects too near deceive th' observer's eye ;
Examine those which at a distance lie.
Scarce is the structure's harmony descri'd

'Midst the tall column's, and gay order's pride ;
But tow'rd the destin'd point your sight remove,
And this shall lessen still, and that improve,
New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes,
And the fair Whole in just proportion rise.
Thus Honor's true proportions best are seen,
Where the due length of ages lies between :
This separates pride from greatness, show from
worth,
Detects false beauty, real grace calls forth ;
Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.

Come then, from past examples let us prove
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.

Can greatness give true Honor? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence?

Wild is the purpose, and the fruitless aim,
Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair Fame ;
Persuasive splendor vainly tempts her ear,
And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here.
Ye pyramids, that once could threat the skies,
Aspiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders, rise!
To latest age your founder's pride proclaim ;
Record the tyrant's greatness ; tell his name ;
No more :—The treacherous brick and mould'ring
stone
Are sunk in dust : the boasting title gone ;

Pride's trophies swept by Time's devouring flood;
Th' inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
But could they rival Nature, Time defy,
Yet what record but Vice or Vanity ?
His the true glory, though his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to swell ; to rise, the stone ;
Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd.

No : spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean.

'In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread ;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head ;
In vain thy lord commands the streams to fall,
Extends the view, and spreads the smooth canal,
While guilt's black train each conscious walk in-
vade,
And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.
Mistaken man ! by crimes to hope for fame !
'Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame :
Is villany self-hated ? thus to raise
Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace ?
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
Shall view the guilty scenes with honest scorn ;
Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curse the labors of oppression's hand.

Next view the Hero in th' embattled field ;
True Honor's fruit can conquest's laurel yield ;

Him only honor'd, only lov'd we find,
Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind :
PELIDES' fury may our wonder move,
But god-like HECTOR is the man we love.
See WILLIAM's sword a tyrant's pride disarm ;
See LEWIS trembling under MARLB'RO's arm :
Say, which to human kind are friends or foes ;
And who detests not These, and loves not Those ?
Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause ;
'Tis not the vict'ry charms you, but the cause :
Not Caesar's self can feign the patriot's part,
Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart :
But round thy brows the willing laurels twine,
Whose voice wak'd Freedom in the savage mine !
Yes : truly glorious, only great is he,
Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.
" Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
" From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."
Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
At destin'd times th' appointed scourges rise ;
Awhile in streaming lustre sweep along,
And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng ;
But Reason's eye detects the spurious ray,
And the false blaze of glory dies away.

Now all th' aërial cells of wit explore ;
The mazy rounds of science travel o'er ;
Search all the deep recesses of the mind,
And see, if there true Honor sit enshrin'd.

Alas, nor wit nor science this can boast,
Oft' dash'd with error, oft' in caprice lost !
Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly !
And modes of wit, and modes of science die.
See Rab'lais once the idol of the age ;
Yet now neglected lies the smutted page !
Of once renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,—
His glory with his whirlpools vanish all !
See folly, wit—and weakness, wisdom stain,—
And Villars witty—Bacon wise in vain !
Oft' vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
And clouds the splendor of the brightest line,
Sullies what Congreve, and what Dryden writ,—
This, fashion's slave : as that, the slave of wit.
In vain fair Genius bids the laurel shoot,
The deadly worm thus eating at the root :
Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
And all the poet's honors fall away ;
Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
And drop on Rochester's and Otway's head.

Where then is found TRUE HONOR, heavenly
fair ?

Ask LONSDALE, ask your heart—she dictates there.

Yes: 'tis in VIRTUE.—That alone can give
The lasting honor, and bid glory live :
On Virtue's basis only fame can rise,
To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies :

Arts, conquest, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent weight;
Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
" And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."

'Tis Virtue only can the bard inspire,
And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire :
Touch'd by th' ethereal ray each kindled line
Beams strong: still Virtue feeds the flame divine ;
Where-e'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright,
In radiant tracts of never-dying light ;
These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name,
Give SPENSER's clear, and SHAKSPERE's noble
flame ;

Blaze to the skies in MILTON's ardent song,
And kindle the brisk-sallying fire of YOUNG ;
These gild each humble verse in modest GAY ;
These give to SWIFT the keen, soul-piercing ray ;
Mildly through ADDISON's chaste page they shine,
And glow and warm in POPE's immortal line.

Nor less the sage must live by Virtue's aid ;
Truth must support him, or his glories fade ;
And truth and virtue differ but in name :
Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.

To truth and virtue the ascent is sure ;
The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure ;
To taste the spring we oft' essay in vain :
Deep lies the source, too short is reason's chain ;

But those the issues of pure truth we know,
Which in clear strength through virtue's channel
flow :

Error in vain attempts the foul disguise,
Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice ;
Drawn from the springs of Falsehood all confess
Each baneful drop that poisons happiness ;
Gordon's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage ;
Th' envenom'd stream that flows from Toland's
quill,
And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
Detested names ! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die :
Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy !

Insect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray,
Bask in the beam that wing'd them, for a day :
Truth, Phoenix-like immortal, though she dies,
With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.

See how the lustre of th' ATHENIAN sage
Shines through the lengthen'd gloom of many an age !
Virtue alone so wide the beam could spread,
And throw the lasting glory round his head.
See NEWTON chase conjecture's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day !
He wide creation's trackless mazes trod ;
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrival'd pair ! with truth and virtue fraught !
Whose lives confirm'd whatever their reason taught ?

Whose far-stretch'd views, and bright examples join'd
At once t' enlighten and persuade mankind !
Hail names rever'd ! which time and truth proclaim
The first and fairest in the list of fame.

Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise ;
On virtue grows their fame, or soon it dies ;
But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen
Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green :
Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
Fed by court sun-shine, and poetic show'r ;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance, fresh supplies demand ;
By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
They sicken at th' inclement blasts of truth ;
Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
Their colors fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * *

'Tis Virtue only that shall grow with time,
Live through each age, and spread through every
clime.

See god-like patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood !
See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire !
How great in exile HYDE and TULLY shone !
How ALFRED's virtues brighten'd all his throne !
From worth like this unbidden glories stream ;
Nor borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam ;

Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright,
As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night.

Thus various honors various states adorn,
As different stars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
Yet all partake the same celestial fire.

See then heav'n's endless bounty, and confess,
Which gives in Virtue fame and happiness;
See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
And grasp at pain and infamy in Vice!

Not so the man who mov'd by Virtue's laws,
Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause;
Whose views concentr'd all to Virtue tend;
Who makes true glory but his second end:
Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
Who gives to all whate'er to all is due;
When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
Snatches the highest praise—and is of none:
Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
Unshaken points to Truth, as to his pole;
Contemns alike what factions praise or blame;
O'er rumor's narrow orbit soars to fame:
Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
Walks firm to virtue through the scoffs of fools;
No minion flatters; gains no selfish end;
His own—his king's—his country's—mankind
friend;—

Him Virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay ;
And glory circles him with endless day.

Such he who deep in VIRTUE roots his fame ;
And such through ages shall be LONSDALE's name.

EPISTLE VI.

ON

NOBILITY.

TO THE EARL OF ***.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

[Late Poet-Laureat.]

POETS, my Lord, by some unlucky fate
Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
Have oft, regardless of the heaven-born flame,
Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name ;
For idol deities forsook the true,
And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.

Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
Their incense vapor, and your honors vain :
Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
The painted produce of these sun-shine days ;
Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to wear
Th' ennobling thread which fortune cannot give.
In two short precepts your whole lesson lies ;
Would you be great ?—be virtuous, and be wise

In elder time, ere heralds yet were known
To gild the vain with glories not their own ;
Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
As Fess and Chevron, Pale and Contrepale ;
'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
Whose strength subdued the lion, or the bear ;
For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
Her honors stript from every grove and field ;
For him the rustic choirs with songs advance ;
For him the virgins form the annual dance.
Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave ;
And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save !

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
Though Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne :
The cottage hind may there admitted rise
A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies ;
And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend ;
Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
And force to glory heroes yet unborn.
Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their paths confin'd,
Forward they must, for monsters press behind ;
Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes :
If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort,
Must grace alike St. James's, or the Porte ;

Alike, my Lord, must Turk, or British peer,
Be to his King and to his country dear ;
Alike must either honor's cause maintain.
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.

For birth—precarious were that boasted gem,
Though worth flow'd copious in the vital stream :
(Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And sage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busiris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of Heaven? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair ?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love ?
And never pity'd, at some tender time,
A dying Damian, withering in his prime ?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do ?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth ?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate ?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales ?
Who does not, Pamela, thy sufferings feel ?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel ;

And each fair Marchioness, that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores ?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands : we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O, if true virtue fires their generous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distress,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom ;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poictiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds !
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd ere they shine ;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream through ages one unsulli'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the sires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those sires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold :
And see those hours, when sleep their toils re-
pair'd,
(Or if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)

Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
Drown and embrate the particle divine ?
How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
The warmest prayer they once to heaven prefer'd !
When, not content with fame for kingdoms won,
They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son ;
That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
And speaks as plainly as the Muse's tongue,
" Frail were the sires from whence we mortals
sprung."

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
The dusky vapor but obscures the fane :
Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
The flattering stains of many a live-long year ;
Whilst but to shame them beams fictitious day,
And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
Tell us, ye names, preserv'd from Charles's times
In dedication prose, heroic rhymes ;
Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
(Though taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
The alien morals, and imputed wit,
Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath,
To save expiring infamy from death ?
And yet, in conquering vice small virtue lies ;
The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.
'Tis yours, my Lord, to form a nobler aim,

And build on active merit endless fame;
Unlike the loitering, still forgotten crowd,
Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,
Through Sloth's dull round drag out a length of
days,
While life's dim taper gradually decays;
And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What though in youth, while flattering hopes pre-
sume
On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
Thoughtless and gay a mad good-nature draws
From followers flattery, and from crowds applause;
Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem:
Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail?
Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
O'er years mis-spent with retrospective eye,
Till pomp's last honors load the pageant bier,
And much solemnity without a tear?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
See, sav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
Laborious Health the stubborn glebe divide;
Instructed Want her folded arms unbend,
And smiling Industry the loom attend.

Your's too the task to spread indulgent ease,
Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease ;
Insulted Worth from proud oppression screen,
And give neglected Science where to lean.
Titles, like standard flags, exalted rise,
To tell the wretched where protection lies ;
And he who hears unmov'd Affliction's claim,
Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, though to no bounds confin'd,
Your cares instruct, or bounties bless, mankind.
'Tis yours, my Lord, with various skill to trace,
By History's clue, the statesman's subtle maze ;
Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin ;
From Grecian mines bring sterling pleasures home,
And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome.
But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold ;
Happy at last, through storms in freedom's cause,
Through fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
As strength with ease, and liberty with kings,
Know too, where Europe's wavering fates depend,
What states can injure, and what states defend,
Their strength, their arts, their policies your own ;
And then, like PELHAM, make that wisdom known.
Wake every latent faculty of soul,
Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,

Till listening senates bless the kind alarm,
Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.

Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
Are heaven's peculiar instruments of good :
Not for the few, who have them, are design'd :
What flows from heaven must flow for all man-
kind.

Blush then, ye peers, who niggards of your store,
Brood o'er the shining heap, nor make it more :
Or, Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
Wisdom alone is true ambition's aim,
Wisdom the source of virtue and of fame,
Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.

See ! on yon sea-girt isle the Goddess stands,
And calls her vot'ries with applauding hands !
They pant, they strain, they glow through climes un-
known,

With added strength; and spirits not their own.
Hark ! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail !
How full fame's fragrance breathes in every gale !
How tempting nod the groves for ever green !
—" But tempests roar, and oceans roll between."—
Yet see, my Lord, your friends around you brave
That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
See ** laboring through the billowy tide !
See * impatient for the adverse side !

O much-lov'd youths! to Britain justly dear,
Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
Worth grace their youth, and honors crown their
age ;

And every warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O *** , for thee !

Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely burst the cloud.
Lull'd high in Fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, no turns of her uncertain wheel :
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flattery soothes, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my Lord, on happy peers attends
That noble privilege, to choose their friends ;
The wise, the good, are theirs, their call obey ;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you the slaves of Science ply the oar ;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The DRAKES and RALEIGHS of the mental world.

But stay—too long mere English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the
main :

No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.

—Yet, ere you go, ere Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell ;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

THOMAS ASHTON, ESQ.

[TUTOR TO THE EARL OF PLYMOUTH.]

Written from Florence, in the Year 1740.

BY THE HONORABLE HORACE WALPOLE.

WHEN flourish'd with their state th' Athenian name,
And Learning and Politeness were the same,
Philosophy with gentle art refin'd
The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind :
She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
Guided their ardor, and insur'd their worth.
She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful steel,
Mark'd true Ambition from destructive Zeal,
Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,
Which Virtue only on her sons bestows.
Hence clement Cimon of unspotted fame,
Hence Aristides' ever fav'rite name ;
Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,
And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear ;

Or in firm bands of social Peace to bind
Their Country's good, and benefit mankind,
She trim'd the thoughtful Statesman's nightly oil,
Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
Or with him to his silent villa stole,
Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his
soul.

To woods and caves she never bade retreat,
Nor fix'd in cloyster'd monkeries her seat :
No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,
Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.
Cynics there were, an uncouth selfish race,
Of manners foul; and boastful of disgrace :
Brutes, whom no Muse has ever lov'd to name,
Whose Ignominy is their only fame.
No hostile trophies grace their honor'd urn,
Around their tomb no sculptur'd Virtues mourn ;
Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd,
An Art discover'd, or a City sav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
Exalt his hope, and press his young career !
Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you
With gentle skill direct his early view !
Artful the various studies to dispense,
And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantic Teacher, winking dull,
The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling school;

Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.
From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws
Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
By his own sense would Tully's word expound,
And a new Vandal tramples classic ground.

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
No modern custom can his thoughts engage ;
His little farm by Georgic rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs,
Still from Aratus' sphere or Maro's signs,
The future calm or tempest he divines,
And fears if the prognostic Raven's found
Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts ! studies how confin'd !
Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind :
Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where
Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to Fear ;
On what green medal Virtue stands express'd,
How Concord's pictur'd, Liberty how dress'd ;
Or with wise Ken judiciously define,
When Pius marks the honorary coin
Of Caracalla, or of Antonine.

Thirsting for knowledge, but to know the right
Through judgment's optic guide th' illusive sight,
To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,
And Prejudice's lagging mists dispel ;

For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
And cull some useful flow'r from each heroic Age.

Thence teach the Youth the necessary art,
To know the Judge's from the Critic's part;
Shew how ignoble is the passion, Fear,
And place some patriot Roman's model near;
Their bright examples to his soul instil,
Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
To know the folds that from the Toga fall,
The Clavus' breadth, the Bulla's golden round,
And every leaf that every Virtue crown'd;
But shew how brighter in each honest breast
Than in her shrine, the Goddess stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastic Boy,
Elate with pow'r and swell'd with frantic joy,
'Tis not a slavish Senate, fawning, base,
Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race;
Though the false Coin proclaim him great and wise,
Thy tyrant's life shall tell that Coin, it lies.

But when your early Care shall have design'd
To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind;
When you shall pour upon his tender Breast
Ideas that must stand an Age's test,
Oh! there imprint with strongest deepest dye
The lovely form of Goddess Liberty!

For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
For her in battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest bounds,
Point to yon azure Car bedropp'd with gold,
Whose weight the necks of Gallia's sons uphold;
Where proudly sits an iron-scepter'd Queen,
And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene,
Cry, That is Empire! shun her baleful path,
Her Words are Slavery, and her Touch is Death!
Through wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
And murders half, to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan Matron, as she dress'd
With the bright cuirass the young soldier's breast;
On the new warrior's tender-sinew'd thigh,
Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
What scanty bands the Persian host withstood!
Before the sons of Greece let Asia tell
How fled her Monarch, how her Millions fell!
When arm'd for Liberty, a Few how brave!
How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
No welcome Faulchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No Voice inspir'd of favorite Command:
No Peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breast:
They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;

They saw their infant Race to bondage rise,
And frequent heard the ravish'd Virgin's cries,
Dishonor'd but to cool a transient gust
Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

The greatest curses any Age has known
Have issued from the Temple or the Throne ;
Extent of ill from Kings at first begins,
But Priests must aid, and consecrate their sins.
The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
When sinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
But the Priest christens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
What conjur'd awe upon the people steals !
The chosen He adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while
The Priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore :
He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,
And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
And worship God's anointed, more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to such Kings !
So mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs.
But bend your eye to yonder harrass'd plains,

Where King and Priest in one united reigns ;
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight :
Where fat Celibacy usurps the soil,
And sacred Sloth consumes the peasant's toil :
The holy drones monopolize she sky,
And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
The Christian Cause their lewd profession taints ;
Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable Saints.

Oppression takes Religion's hallow'd name,
And Priest-craft knows to play the specious game.
Behold how each enthusiastic fool
Of ductile piety, becomes their tool :
Observe with how much art, what fine pretence,
They hallow Foppery and combat Sense.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in sin,
Whose thought of heav'n with his last hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
And squeezes out on the dull idol-board
A sore-ey'd gum of tears ; the flannel Crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce Him bless'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the slight crowd t'adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praise above the Saints of old,
And coin his sinking conscience into Gold.

Or when some Pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to excise the land,
The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curses as his mite he pays !
The subtle Priest th' invidious name forbears,
Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs;
Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,
A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail :
Th' idolatrous Devout adore the show,
And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No Pagan object, nothing too profane,
To aid the Romish zeal for Christian gain.
Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd Altars smoke to other Gods.
Prometheus' Vulture Matthew's Eagle proves ;
And heav'nly Cherubs sprout from heathen Loves;
Young Ganymede a winged Angel stands
By holy Luke, and dictates God's commands :
Apollo, though degraded, still can bless,
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an s.
Each convert Godhead is apostoliz'd,
And Jove himself by Peter's name baptiz'd,
Astarte shines in Jewish Mary's fame,
Still Queen of heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud Priest the sacred Tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,
Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive Love :

Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;
Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek;
In vain she pines, the holy Faith withstands,
What Nature dictates and what God commands:
But if some sanguine He, some lusty Priest
Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,
From the strong grasp if some poor babe arise,
Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies;
Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,
Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair Modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
From thee the Muse the grosser acts must hide,
Nor the dark cloister's mystic rites display,
Whence num'rous brawny Monkhoods waste awa
And unprolific, though forsworn, decay.

Britannia smiling, views her golden plains
From mitred bondage free and papal chains;
Her jocund Sons pass each unburthen'd day
Securely quiet, innocently gay:
Lords of themselves the happy Rustics sing,
Each of his little tenement the King.
Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
To reinslave the new-deliver'd land;
Twice were her sable bands to battle warm'd,
With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders arm'
With Peter's sword and Michael's lance were sent,

And whate'er stores supply'd the Church's armament.
Twice did the gallant Albion race repel
The Jesuit legions to the gates of hell;
Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took
Or William's or Eliza's guardian look.

Arise, young Peer! shine forth in such a cause!
Who draws the sword for Freedom, justly draws.
Reflect how dearly was that Freedom bought;
For that, how oft your ancestors have fought;
Through the long series of our princes down,
How wrench'd some right from each too potent
Crown.

See abject John, that vassal-Monarch, see!
Bow down, the royal neck, and crouch the supple
knee!

Oh! prostitution of imperial State!
To a vile Romish Priest's vile Delegate.
Him the bold Barons scorning to obey,
And be the subjects of a subject sway;
Heroes whose names to latest fame shall shine,
Aw'd by no visions of a Right Divine,
That bond by eastern Politicians wrought,
Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors taught,
To straiter banks restrain'd the Royal Will,
That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
See Henry in his Father's footsteps tread.

Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
His early follies haunt his latest hour.
His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppress'd,
No violated Senate's wrongs redress'd,
His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane
Of an inglorious, slighted, tedious reign.

The Muse too long with idle glories fed,
And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
The wanton fain on giddy plumes would soar,
To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore ;
Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul,
At Edward's and at Henry's name to fall ;
Romantic heroes ! prodigal of blood ;
What numbers stain'd each ill-disputed flood !
Tools to a Clergy ! warring but to feast
With spoils of provinces each pamper'd Priest.
Be dumb, fond Maid ; thy sacred ink nor spill
On specious Tyrants, popularly ill ;
Nor be thy comely locks with Roses dight
Of either victor color, Red or White.

Foil'd the assassin King, in union blow
The blended flow'rs on seventh Henry's brow.
Peace lights again on the forsaken strand,
And banish'd plenty re-assumes the land.
No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,
No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights ;
Reposing sabres seek their ancient place
To bristle round a gaping Gorgon's face.

The wearied arms grotesquely deck the wall,
And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal hall.
Put Peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
From her exuberant horn her treasures rains :
She deals her gifts ; but in an useless hour,
To glut the iron hand of griping Pow'r :
Such Lancaster, whom harrass'd Britain saw,
Mask'd in the garb of antiquated Law :
More politic than wise, more wise than great :
A legislator to enslave the state ;
Coolly malicious ; by design a knave :
More mean than false, ambitious more than brave ;
Attach'd to Interest's more than Honor's call ;
More strict than just, more covetous than all.

Not so the Reveller profuse, his Son,
His contrast course of tyranny begun ;
Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,
Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial face.
To feats of arms and carpet combats prone,
In either field the vig'rous monarch shone :
Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
But shift the scene, and view what slaughters stain
Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign :
A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
By every potentate he dealt with, fool'd :
Sold by one minister, to all unjust ;
Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust ;

Changing each worship that controul'd the bent
Of his adult'rous will, and lew'd intent ;
Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,
And smear'd with Queens and Martyrs blood, He
dy'd.

Pass we the pious Youth too slightly seen ;
The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romish Queen :
Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
Shadow the glories of Eliza's reign,
Who's still too great, though some few faults she had,
To catalogue with all those Royal bad.

Arise, great James! thy course of wisdom run!
Image of David's philosophic Son!
He comes! on either hand in seemly state,
Knowledge and Peace, his fondled handmaids, wait:
Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full.
Thron'd in full senate, on his pedant tongue,
These for six hours each weighty morning hung ;
For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,
For these he sold whate'er Eliza gain'd ;
For these he squander'd every prudent store
The frugal Princess had reserv'd before,
On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
For these he let his beggar'd daughter roam ;
Bubbled, for these, by Spanish art at home ;

For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,
Poison'd one son and t'other sent to Spain.

Retire, strict Muse, and thy impartial verse
In pity spare on Charles's bleeding herse :
Or all his faults in blackest notes translate
To tombs where rot the authors of his fate ;
To lustful Henrietta's Romish shade,
Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid ;
Or to the Priest, more Romish still than her ;
And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next Prince, expell'd his native land,
In vain Affliction laid her iron hand ;
Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul :
Honor, or morals, gratitude or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth ;
The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France ;
Free to buffoons, to ministers deny'd,
He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of Empire, or resign'd or stole,
Are trusted next to James's weak controul ;
Him, meditating to subvert the laws,
His Hero Son in Freedom's beauteous cause
Rose to chastise : unhappy still ! howe'er
Posterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Priests to sing,
And all the ills that from their vices spring ;
While victor George thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenge Britain and asserts the Main ;
To willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his Country's voice affects applause ;
What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,
Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifier in inglorious ease,
Modelling precepts that may serve and please ;
Yours is the task—and glorious is the plan,
To build the Free, the Sensible, Good Man.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO THE

LORD VISC. BEAUCHAMP,

[Son of Algernon Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset.]

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXV-VI.

BY JOHN DALTON, D.D.

MY LORD,

“WHAT is Nobility?” you wish to know,
The real substance stripp’d of all its show :
And can you then the honest freedom bear
Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear ?
Or shall I say—“Such beauty, birth, estate,
“Must make their owner lov’d, and make him great !
“Above the mean restraint of vulgar rules,
“Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
“While mingling with your blood each honor flows,
“And in each pulse a Percy’s ardor glows ?”——

Not so the Muse : she teaches you to know,
How vain those honors you to others owe !

Who rise to glory, must by virtue rise,
'Tis in the mind all genuine greatness lies :
On that eternal base, on that alone,
The world's esteem you build, and more—you
own.

Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names ! combine
To swell your blood, to dignify your line ;
For you tho' fortune all her stores has spread,
And beauty points to pleasure's rosy bed ;
Yet what avail birth, fortune's store,
The plume of title, and the pride of power,
If deaf to virtue, deaf to honor's call,
To tyrant vice a wretched slave you fall ?
To vice, paternal laurels you must yield ;
Revers'd each triumph, lost each purple field ;
Your sires no more their captive foes detain,
You pay the ransom, and you break the chain ;
No more your high-descended fame we view,
No Hertford fought, no Percy bled for you.

I know, my Lord, ambition fills your mind,
And in life's voyage is th' impelling wind ;
But at the helm let sober reason stand,
And steer the bark, with heaven-directed hand :
So shall you safe ambition's gales receive,
And ride securely, tho' the billows heave ;
So shall you shun the giddy hero's fate,
And by her influence be both good and great.

She bids you first, in life's soft vernal hours,
With active industry, wake nature's powers ;
With rising years, still rising arts display ;
With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.
'Tis now the time young passion to command,
While yet the pliant stem obeys the hand ;
Guide now the courser with a steady rein,
Ere yet he bounds o'er pleasure's flowery plain :
In passion's strife, no medium you can have ;
You rule a master, or submit a slave.
" For whom these toils, you may perhaps enquire ;"
First for yourself : Next nature will inspire
The filial thought, fond wish, and kindred tear,
Which make the parent and the sister dear :
To these, in closest bands of love, ally'd,
Their joy or grief you live, their shame or pride :
Hence timely learn to make their bliss your own,
And scorn to think or act for self alone ;
Hence bravely strive upon your own to raise
Their honor, grandeur, dignity, and praise.

But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
Of family, ambition searches round ;
Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
The friend at least demands the second place.
And yet beware : for most desire a friend
From meaner motives, not for virtue's end.
There are, who with fond favor's fickle gale
Now sudden swell, and now contract their sail :

This week devour, the next with sickening eye
Avoid, and cast the sully'd play-think by ;
There are, who, tossing in the bed of vice,
For flattery's opiate give the highest price ;
Yet from the saving hand of friendship turn,
Her med'cines dread, her generous offers spurn,
Deserted greatness ! who but pities thee ?
By crowds encompass'd, thou no friend can'st see :
Or should kind truth invade thy tender ear,
We pity still ; for thou no truth can'st hear.
Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to swell an useless state,
Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great ;
For friends, ne'er mixing in ambitious strife,
For friends, the richest furniture of life !

Be your's, my Lord, a nobler, higher aim,
Your pride to burn with friendship's sacred flame ;
By virtue kindled, by like manners fed,
By mutual wishes, mutual favors spread,
Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
Pour all its boundless ardors thro' your mind.
Be your's the care a chosen band to gain ;
With them to glory's radiant summit strain,
Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
Who best, who bravest, shall assist his friend.

Thus still should private friendships spread around,
Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
The common friend !—then all her good explore,

Explor'd, pursue with each unbiass'd power.
But chief the greatest should her laws revere,
Ennobling honors, which she bids them wear.
A British noble is a dubious name,
Of lowest infamy, or highest fame :
Born to redress an injur'd orphan's cause,
To smooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws ;
To stand an isthmus of our well-mix'd state,
Where rival powers with restless billows beat,
And from each side alike the fury fling
Of maddening commons, or incroaching king.
How mean, who scorns his country's sacred voice !
By birth a patriot, but a slave by choice.
How great, who answers this illustrious end,
Whom prince and people call their equal friend !
" Yes, there I'll rest ; ambition toils no more,
" That goal attain'd, sure her long race is o'er."
Alas ! 'tis scarce begun ! ambition smiles
At the poor limits of the British isles ;
She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
Expands with christian charity the mind,
And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
Her country all beneath one ambient sky ;
Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,
To whom one sun impartial gives the day,
To whom the silver moon her milder ray,
Whom the same water, earth, and air sustain,
O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
Are her compatriots all ; by her belov'd,
In nature near, tho' far by space remov'd ;

On common earth, no foreigner she knows;
No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes:
Ready she stands her cheerful aid to lend,
To want and woe an undemanded friend;
Nor thus advances others bliss alone;
But in the way to theirs still finds her own.
Their's is her own. What, should your taper light
Ten thousand, burns it to yourself less bright?
"Men are ungrateful."—Be they so, that dare!
Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
To think, those e'er repent whose hearts bestow!

Man to his Maker thus best homage pays,
'Thus peaceful walks thro' Virtue's pleasing ways:
Her gentle image on the soul imprest
Bids each tempestuous passion leave the breast:
Thence with her livid self-devouring snakes
Pale Envy flies; her quiver Slander breaks:
Thus falls (dire scourge of a distracted age!)
The knave-led, one-ey'd monster, Party-Rage.
Ambition jostles with her friends no more;
Nor thirsts Revenge to drink a brother's gore;
Fury-Remorse no stinging scorpion rears;
O'er trembling Guilt no falling sword appears.
Hence Conscience, void of blame, her front erect,
Her God she fears, all other fear rejects.
Hence Just Ambition boundless splendors crown,
And hence she calls eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd Scipio past his glorious days,
Blest with his kindred's, friend's, and country's
praise.

Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
Nor in the Roman was the man forgot;
In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
The world's great patriot he!—by fame inspir'd,
His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd;
He thro' Rome's sons the brave contagion spread,
Now led to conquest, now to wisdom led;
Pleas'd, or to still the forum's civil roar,
Or muse, Cajeta, on thy bending shore;
Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
To taste a friend amid the rural shade:
There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
There deep thro' time his country's fate surveys,
While from his tongue sublimest precepts flow—
“How man but sojourns on this spot below,
“How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
“Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind;
“For heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
“And vice wou'd find herself unhappy there.”
Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections soar
Where sensual pleasure cheats the soul no more.
Beneath his feet do nations treasures lie?
Millions he views with unretorted eye,
His country's manners does corruption drown?
He, blameless censor! stems them by his own.

Did kingdoms groan ? he bade oppression cease,
Stern tyrants aw'd, and hush'd the world to peace.
Did justice call ? he car'd not what became
Of life, or of life's sweetest breath, his fame :
For her, he dar'd the nobles; peoples hate,
For her he liv'd, for her resign'd to fate.
These were his honors, his high triumphs these ?
Oh ! how unlike the slaves of wealth and ease :
With plenty curst, to make their life a void,
Too great, too noble to be well employ'd,
They seek some livery'd friend to drag away
The heavy, cumbersome, miserable day.

There are, my Lord, that with unfeeling ear
A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
Unmov'd a Lonsdale's spotless honor see,
Wise, studious, generous, loyal, just, and free !
Are proof to every lure of honest fame ;
And yet of sycophants would buy a name ;
Hence birds of throat obscene, and greedy maw,
The chattering magpye, the tale-bearing daw,
Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board surround,
While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
Flies to the private shade, the pure retreat,
And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
What tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
Nor swords e'er seek her foes on crimson plains ?
Yet, Blount shall own they drive six horses well,
And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,

Their name with Mordaunt's Pope disdains to sing,
Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.
What though, ye Fair! they break thro' honor's
laws ;

Yet hence they gain a modish world's applause:
Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boast is still the same,
And still they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping state,
But rescu'd operas from impending fate.
Their bounty never bids Affliction smile,
But pampers fidlers with the tradesman's spoil.
No Goth to learning e'er was foe so fell,
Yet their bought praises dedications swell ;
Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
The first of sharpers, though the last of peers.

In vain for such may domes on domes arise,
With heads audacious, and invade the skies ;
In vain dishonour'd stars dart mimic rays,
To give their sordid breasts a borrow'd blaze ;
In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
Swell hundred hills, and spread an hundred plains :
If mean, still meaner by their lofty state,
(So statues lessen by a base too great)
With birth ignoble, poor amid their store,
Obscur'd by splendor, impotent with power,
By titles stain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
Court'd by flattery, but by merit scorn'd,
The slaves of slaves, corruption's dirty tools,
The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.

Rise then, my Lord, with noble ardor rise!
And whilst your sires before your ravish'd eyes
Pass in a grand review, oh ! pant for fame,
And by your actions dignify their name,
Transmitting thence, with heighten'd lustre dow
Honors, that may your future offspring crown !

That sight the Muse with pleasing hope
veys,
While to the blissful hour her fancy strays,
When in the Hertford of another age
The same fair virtues shall your soul engage ;
The same soft meekness and majestic mien
Shall cheer the private, grace the public scene.
From her, to glad at once your ears, and eyes,
A fair Eliza shall with spirit rise,
With lively humor, yet devoid of blame,
And be, with sweet variety, the same ;
O'er some blest heart confirm her lasting sway,
With reason sprightly, and with goodness gay.
When to another Beauchamp you shall owe
Those joys, that with your dawning virtues grow.
In him again be born, again shall live,
And take that happiness, which now you give.
Heaven has on you pour'd down his kindest show
Health, riches, honors, bless'd your natal hour ;
At once an elegance of form and mind,
To please, to serve, and to adorn your kind ;
In manners gentle, but in genius strong ;
Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

These bounteous Heaven bestows ! 'tis your's to raise
His gifts, and from their use derive your praise :
His the material, your's the work must be ;
Your choice, my Lord, is fame or infamy.

Oh ! should your virtues in pure current flow,
And wealth and pleasure all around bestow,
Till earth no more their length'ning stream can
 bound,
Nor sinks their fame in time's vast ocean drown'd,
Say, might the Muse to future age declare,
They were her early honor and her care ?
That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
She form'd their channel, and their course she steer'd ?
Might then this fond ambitious verse pretend,
She taught the pupil, yet preserv'd the friend ;
First twin'd the wreaths, that shall your temples
 crown,
Still in your glory happier than her own ?

EPISTLE IX.

TO
MR. FOX,

(Afterwards Earl of Richmond.)

WRITTEN AT FLORENCE.

BY LORD HERVEY.

THOU dearest youth, who taught'st me first to know
What pleasures from a real friendship flow ;
Where neither interest nor design have part,
But all the warmth is native of the heart ;
Thou know'st to comfort, sooth, or entertain,
Joy of my health, and cordial of my pain.
When life seem'd failing on her latest stage,
And fell disease anticipated age ;
When wasting sickness and afflictive pain,
By Aesculapius' sons oppos'd in vain,
Forc'd me reluctant, desperate, to explore
A warmer sun, and seek a milder shore ;
Thy steady love with unexampled truth,
Forsook each gay companion of thy youth,
Whate'er the prosp'rous or the great employs,
Bus'ness and int'rest, and love's softer joys,

The weary steps of mis'ry to attend,
To share distress, and make a wretch thy friend.
If o'er the mountain's snowy height we stray,
Where Carthage first explor'd the vent'rous way ;
Or through the tainted air of Rome's parch'd plains,
Where Want resides, and Superstition reigns ;
Chearful and unrepining, still you bear
Each dangerous rigor of the various year ;
And kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
Lament his suff'rings, and forget thy own.
Oh ! would kind Heav'n, these tedious suff'rings past,
Permit me Ickworth, rest, and health at last,
In that lov'd shade, my youth's delightful seat,
My early pleasure, and my late retreat,
Where lavish Nature's favorite blessings flow,
And all the Seasons all their sweets bestow ;
There might I trifle carelessly away
The milder evening of life's clouded day,
From bus'ness and the world's intrusion free,
With books, with love, with beauty, and with thee
No farther want, no wish yet unpossest
Could e'er disturb this unambitious breast.
Let those who Fortune's shining gifts implore,
Who sue for glory, splendor, wealth, or pow'r,
View this unactive state with scornful eyes,
And pleasures they can never taste, despise ;
Let them still court that goddess' falser joys,
Who, while she grants their pray'r, their peace de-
stroy.

I envy not the foremost of the great,
Not Walpole's self, directing Europe's fate ;
Still let him load Ambition's thorny shrine,
Fame be his portion, and contentment mine.
But if the gods, sinister still, deny
To live in Ickworth, let me there but die ;
Thy hand to close my eyes in death's long night,
Thy image to attract their latest sight :
Then to the grave attend thy poet's herse,
And love his mem'ry as you lov'd his verse.

EPISTLE X.

To the Same.

FROM HAMPTON-COURT, 1731.

By the Same.

Bono loco res humanæ sunt, quod nemo, nisi vitio suo, miser est.
Seneca in Epist.

WHILST in the fortunes of the gay and great,
The glare of courts, and luxury of state ;
All that the meaner covet and deplore,
The pomp of wealth, and insolence of pow'r !
Whilst in these various scenes of gilded life,
Of fraud, ambition, policy, and strife ;
Where every word is dictated by art,
And every face the mask of every heart ;
Whilst with such diff'rent objects entertain'd,
In all that's really felt, and all that's feign'd,
I speculate on human joys and woes,
'Till from my pen the verse spontaneous flows ;
To whom these artless off'rings should I bring,
To whom these undigested numbers sing,

But to a friend :—and to what friend but You,
Safe, just, sincere, indulgent, kind, and true ?
Disdain not then these trifles to attend,
Nor fear to blame, nor study to commend.
Say, where false notions erring I pursue,
And with the plausible confound the true :
Correct with all the freedom that I write ;
And guide my darken'd reason with thy light.

Thee partial heaven has bless'd profusely kind,
With wit, with judgment, and a taste refin'd.
Thy fancy rich, and thy observance true,
The last still wakeful, and the first still new.
Rare blessings ! and to few divided known,
But giv'n united to thyself alone.
Instruction are thy words, and lively truth,
The school of age, and the delight of youth.

When men their various discontents relate,
And tell how wretched this our mortal state ;
That life is but diversify'd distress,
The lot of all, and hardly more or less ;
That kings and villagers have each their share,
These pinch'd with mean, and those with splend
care ;
That seeming pleasure is intrinsic woe,
And all call'd happiness, delusive show ;
Food only for the snakes in Envy's breast,
Who often grudges what is ne'er possess'd ;
Say, for thou know'st the follies of mankind,

Canst tell how obstinate, perverse, and blind ;
Say, are we thus oppress'd by Nature's laws,
Or of our miseries, ourselves the cause ?

Sure oft, unjustly, we impute to Fate ,
A thousand ills which we ourselves create ;
Complain that life affords but little joy,
And yet that little foolishly destroy.
We check the pleasures that too soon subside,
And break the current of too weak a tide :
Like Atalanta, golden trifles chase,
And baulk that swiftness which might win the race ;
For life has joys adapted to each stage,
Love for our youth, ambition for our age.
But wilful man inverting her decrees,
When young would govern, and when old would
 please,
Covets the fruits his autumn should bestow,
Nor tastes the fragrance whilst the blossoms blow.
Then far-fled joys in vain he would restore,
His appetite unanswer'd by his pow'r :
Round beauty's neck he twists his wither'd arms :
Receiv'd with loathing to her venal charms :
He rakes the ashes ; when the fire is spent,
Nor gains fruition, though he gain consent.
But can we say 'tis Providence's fault,
If thus untimely all her gifts are sought,
If summer-crops which must decay we keep,
And in the winter would the harvest reap ?

When brutes, with what they are allow'd content,
Listen to Nature, and pursue her bent,
And still their pow'r with their ambition weigh'd,
Gain what they can, but never force a trade:
A thousand joys her happy followers prove,
Health, plenty, rest, society, and love.
To us alone, in fatal ign'rance proud,
To deviate from her dictates 'tis allow'd:
That boasted gift our reason to believe,
Or let caprice, in reason's garb, deceive.
To us the noble privilege is giv'n
Of wise refining on the will of heav'n.
Our skill we trust, but lab'ring still to gain
More than we can, lose what we might obtain.

Will the wise elephant desert the wood,
To imitate the whale and range the flood?
Or will the mole her native earth forsake,
In wanton madness to explore the lake?
Yet man, whom still ideal profit sways,
Than those less prudent, and more blind than these,
Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the seas.
And when his rashness its desert has found,
The fool surviving, weeps the fool that's drown'd.

Herds range the fields, the feather'd kind the
grove,
Choose, woo, caress, and with promiscuous love,
As taste and nature prompt, adhere, or rove;

They meet with pleasure, and with ease they part,
For beasts are only coupled by the heart.
The body still accompanies the mind,
And when this wanders, that is unconfin'd :
The love that join'd the sated pair once fled,
They change their haunts, their pasture, and their
bed.

No four-legg'd idiots drag, with mutual pain,
The nat'ral cement pass'd, an artful chain :
Th' effect of passion ceases with the cause,
Clogg'd with no after-weight of forms or laws :
To no dull rules of custom they submit,
Like us they cool, but when they cool, they quit.

Nor find we in the wood, the sea, or plain,
One e'er elected o'er the rest to reign.
If any rule, 'tis force that gives the law,
What brutes are bound in voluntary awe ?
Do they, like us, a pageant idol raise,
Swoln with false pride, and flatter'd by false praise ?
Do they their equal, sometimes less, revere ?
At once detest and serve, despise and fear ?
To strength inferior do they bend the knee ?
With ears and eyes of others hear and see ?
Or ever vest a mortal god with pow'r
To do those wrongs they afterwards deplore ?
These institutions are of man alone,
Marriage and monarchy are both our own.
Public oppression, and domestic strife,

Are ills which we ourselves annex'd to life,
God never made a husband, king, or wife.
Boast then, oh man! thy profitable gain,
To folly polish'd, civiliz'd to pain.

Here would I launch into the various field
Of all the cares our prejudices yield ;
What multiply'd examples might be told,
Of pains they give, and joys that they with-hold ?
When to credulity tradition preaches,
And ign'rance practises what error teaches !

Would any feather'd maiden of the wood,
Or scaly female of the peopled flood,
When lust and hunger call'd, its force resist ?
In abstinence, or chastity persist ?
And cry, " If heaven's intent was understood,
" These tastes were only given to be withstood !"
Or would they wisely both these gifts improve,
And eat when hungry, and when am'rous love ?

Yet superstition, in religion's name,
With future punishment and present shame,
Can fright weak woman from her lover's arms,
Who weeps with mutual pain her useless charms ;
Whilst she, poor wretch ! consum'd in secret fires,
With pow'r to seize, foregoes what she desires,
'Till beauty fades, and inclination flies,
And the fair tree, the fruit ungather'd, dies.

But are these ills, the ills which Heav'n design'd ?
Are we unfortunate, or are we blind ?
If in possession of our wishes curst,
Bath'd in untasted springs we die with thirst ;
If we make miseries, what were blessings meant,
And benefits convert to punishment ?

When in the spring the wise industrious bees
Collect the various bloom from fragrant trees,
Extract the liquid sweet of every flow'r,
And cull the garden to enrich their store :
Should any pedant bee of all the hive,
From this or that perfume the plund'ers drive,
And say, that he by inspiration knows
The sacred, tempting, interdicting rose,
By heav'n's command, though sweetest, useless grows :
Think you the fool would ever be obey'd,
And that the lie would grow into a trade ?
Ev'n Turks would answer, no :—and yet we see
The vine, that rose, and Mahomet, that bee.
To these, how many proofs I yet could add,
That man's superior sense is being mad ?
That none, refining, their true int'rest view,
But for the substance, still the shade pursue.
That oft perverse, and prodigal of life,
(Our pow'r and will at everlasting strife,)
We waste the present for the future hour,
And, miser-like, by hoarding, still are poor ;
Or foolishly regretful of the past,
The good which yet remains neglect to taste.

Nor need I any foreign proof to bring,
Myself an instance of the truths I sing.
Whilst in a court, repugnant to my taste,
From my lov'd friend these precious hours I waste,
Why do I vainly here thy absence mourn,
And not anticipate thy wish'd return ?
Why stay my passage to those happy fields,
Where fate in thee my every pleasure yields ?
Fortune allows the blessings I refuse,
And ev'n this moment, were my heart to choose,
For thee I should forsake this joyless crowd,
And not on paper think, but think aloud :
With thy lov'd converse fill the shorten'd day,
And glad my soul.—Yet here unpleas'd I stay,
And by mean, sanguine views of int'rest sway'd,
By airy hopes, to real cares betray'd ;
Lament a grievance which I might redress,
And wish that happiness I might possess.

EPISTLE XI.

TO THE
LORD VISC. CORNBURY.

BY THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

WHILE you, my Lord, alas! amidst a few,
With generous warmth your country's good pursue;
While to that centre all your wishes tend,
Accept the zeal that prompts a willing friend.

Others like you heav'n's hallow'd spark inspir'd,
Whom soon the blaze of selfish passion fir'd,
Soon ruder flames extinguish'd reason's light,
While prejudices foul'd their jaundiced sight.

Such through false optics every object prove,
And try the good and bad, by hate and love.
All-powerful means each virtue to supply,
All-powerful means each virtue to deny;
To Wyndham's strength, and grace, and fire, and
weight;
To Granville parts, to save a sinking state.

Hence various judgments form the madden'd throng,
Only in this alike, they all are wrong.
Hence to false praise shall blame unjust succeed,
And cherubs fall, and gods unpity'd bleed.

Would you, my friend, not mix the purer flame,
Nor lose the patriot in a baser name;
Nor factious rage mistake for public zeal,
Nor private int'rest for the gen'ral weal?
By truth's sure test let every deed be try'd,
And justice ever be th' unerring guide.
Her rules are plain, and easy is her way,
And yet how hard to find if once we stray!
All lost alike the maze perplex'd we tread,
However prompted, whether drove or led;
Whether false honor or ambition goad,
Or sneaking av'rice wind the miry road,
Or whether sway'd by passions not our own,
And the weak fear of being right alone.
Alone in such a cause 'tis base to fear,
Though fools suspect, and knaves designing sneer.
Sneer, villains, sneer! th' avenging time is nigh,
When Balbo scourg'd shall weep the taunting lie;
When Stopus foul with each imputed crime,
Shall dread false prose repaid with honest rhyme.

'Tis not enough you scorn a private claim,
And to your country's good direct your aim.
Wrong is still wrong, however great the end,
Though all the realm were brother, father, friend;

Justice regards not these—where right prevails,
A nation is an atom in her scales.
Heaven means not all the good which man can gain,
But that which truth can earn, and right maintain.
However fair the tempting prize may be,
If guilt the price, it is not meant for thee.
Succeeding times may claim the just design,
Or other means, or other powers than thine.

Each part's connected with the gen'ral plan,
The weal of Britain with the weal of man.
Justice the scale of interest for the whole,
The same in Indies as beneath the Pole ;
Sure rule by which heav'n's blessings to dispense,
Unerring light of guiding Providence.
Others may fail.—If wrongly understood,
How fatal is the thirst of public good !
No heavier curse almighty vengeance brings,
Nor plagues, nor famine, nor the lust of kings.
Fir'd by this rage, the frantic sons of Rome,
The suff'ring world to death and bondage doom ;
Nations must sink to raise her cumb'rous frame,
And millions bleed to eternize her name.
But lo! her glories fade, her empire's past,
She madly conquer'd but to fall the last.

Nor would I here the patriot's views reprove,
Or damp the sacred flame of social love.
Still may that portion of th' eternal ray
Sublime our sense, and animate our clay ;

Above low self exalt th' immortal frame,
And emulate that heav'n from whence it came.
Oh ! would it never be confin'd to place,
But beam extensive as the human race :
Be, as it was design'd, the world's great soul,
Connect its parts, and actuate the whole.
So each should think himself a part alone,
And for a nation's welfare stake his own !
Yet farther still, though dearest to the breast,
That nation think but part of all the rest.

For this let equal justice poise the ball,
Her swaying force unites us all to all ;
Of manners, worship, form, no diff'rence knows,
Condemns our friends, and saves our better foes.
Confess the heavenly power ! nor need you fear
Lest Britain suffer, while you follow her.

Though prosp'rous crimes some daring villains
raise,
Nor life's short date may halting vengeance seize ;
A nation cannot 'scape—the destin'd rage
Pursues her ceaseless to some future age ;
Speeds the sure ruin from the conqueror's hand,
Or spreads corruption o'er a pining land.

Ask hoary Time, what nation is most blest ?
For sage experience shall this truth attest :
“ Where freedom sleeps secure from lawless wrath,
“ Where commerce shelter'd flows thro' public faith,

“ Where fell ambition lights no foreign wars,
“ Nor discord rages with intestine jars ;
“ Where justice reigns.” — Immortal were that
state,
If aught immortal here were giv’n by Fate.

Such, lost Iberia! were those happy reigns,
When Liberty sat brooding o’er thy plains.
The rich in plenteous peace their stores enjoy’d,
By cares unvex’d, by luxury uncloy’d.
Hope sooth’d the poor with promises of gain,
And paid with future joys their present pain ;
Shew’d the full bowl amidst their sultry toil,
While those who prun’d the olive drank the oil ;
By night of all the fruits of day possess’d,
Labour soft-clos’d the eye, and sweeten’d rest.
Such was thy state, all gay in nature’s smiles !
And such is now the state of Britain’s isles.
Hence o’er the ocean’s waste her sail unfurl’d,
Wide wafts the tribute of a willing world.
Hence trusting nations treasure here their wealth,
Safe from tyrannic force or legal stealth :
And hence the injur’d exile doom’d to roam,
Shall find his country here and dearer home.

Still be this truth, this saving truth confest,
Britain is great, because with freedom blest ;
Her prince is great, because her people free,
And power here springs from public liberty.

Hail mighty Monarch of the free and great
Firm on the basis of a prosp'rous state.
The wealth, the strength of happy millions thine,
United rise, united shall decline.
For time will come, sad period of the brave,
When Britain's humble prince shall rule the slave;
When traffic vile shall stain the guilty throne,
And kings shall buy our ruin and their own.

But long, O long th' inglorious doom suspend !
What virtue gain'd may virtue still defend !
Thrice sacred spirit, never may you cease,
But as you blaz'd in war, shine forth in peace !
Dauntless with all the force of truth engage
The headlong tide of each corrupted age.
O ever wake around one favor'd throne,
Nor let our guardian monarch wake alone !

Though oft defeated, and though oft betray'd,
Numbers shall rise in sacred freedom's aid.
Far as her all-enlivening influence reigns,
Heroic ardor beats in gen'rous veins ;
Now bids learn'd Greece barbarian might defy,
Now the soft arts of polish'd tyranny ;
Now to no stock, or sect, or place confin'd,
She takes adopted sons from human kind ;
While denizen'd by her eternal laws,
They all are Britons who shall serve her cause,

Lo! to the banner crowds a youthful band ;
Form'd for the glorious task by nature's hand ;
Wisdom unclogg'd by years, with toil unbought,
A zeal by vigor kindled, rul'd by thought.
Such gifts she to the happy few imparts,
To judging heads and to determin'd hearts ;
To heads unstr'd by youth's tumultuous rage,
To hearts unnumb'd by the chill ice of age ;
And while they both preserve a sep'rate claim,
Their passions reason, and their reasons flame.

Proceed, brave youths ! Let others court renown
In hostile fields, be yours the olive crown :
And trust to fame, those heroes brighter shone
Who sav'd a nation, than who nations won.
Nor let assuming age restrain your flight,
Fearful to tempt the yet unpractis'd height ;
Deceitful counsel lurks in hoary hairs,
And the last dregs of life are sordid cares.

Objects are clear proportion'd in degree,
To gen'ral use, or strong necessity.
Nor are two things so plainly understood,
As the worst evil, and the greatest good ;
If, rescu'd from the misty breath of schools,
Men will but feel without the help of rules.
So unbewilder'd in the crooked maze,
Where guilt low sculks, and reptile cunning strays,
A nation's interest, and a people's rights,
Distinctly shine in nature's simple lights,

And claim in him who fairly acts his part,
Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.
But chief when snatch'd by heaven's preservin'
hand,
From the fell contests of each hostile land,
A happy island to th' incircling main
Trusts for a sure support and honest gain.

The just are heaven's, earth is for heaven ordain
Form'd by its laws, and by its laws maintain'd.
These one true int'rest, one great system frame,
Political and moral are the same.
Guilt toils for gain at honor's vast expence,
Heaven throws the trifle in to innocence ;
And fixes happiness in hell's despite,
The necessary consequence of right.

Proceed, ye Deists ! blindfold rage employ,
And prove the sacred truths you would destroy.
Prove Christian faith the wisest scheme to bind,
In chains of cordial love, our jarring kind ;
And thence conclude it human, if you can,
The perfect produce of imperfect man !
While prostrate we adore that Power Divine,
Whose simple rule connects each great design ;
Bids social earth a type of heaven appear,
Where justice tastes those joys which wait her then

But though self-int'rest follow virtue's train !
Yet selfish think not virtue's end is gain !

Older than time, ere int'rest had a name,
Justice existed, and is still the same ;
Alike the creature's and Creator's guide,
His rule to form, the law by which we're ty'd :
In reason's light, eternal word, exprest,
Stamp'd with his image in the creature's breast.

Thus speaks the Sage, who skill'd in nature's laws,
Deep from effects high-trac'd th' all-ruling cause.
“ Before creation was, th' Almighty Mind
“ In time's abyss the future world design'd ;
“ Did the great system in its parts survey,
“ And fit the springs, and regulate their play ;
“ In meet gradations plann'd th' harmonious round,
“ These links by which depending parts are bound.
“ All these he knew, ere yet the things he made,
“ In types which well the mimic world display'd.
“ The types are real, since from them he drew
“ The real forms of whatsoe'er we view.
“ Made to their 'semblance, heav'n and earth exist,
“ But they unmade eternally subsist.
“ For if created, we must sure suppose
“ Some other types whence their resemblance flows ;
“ While these on others equally depend,
“ Nor ever shall the long progression end.
“ God ere it was, the future being saw,
“ Or blindfold made his world, and gave his law.
“ But chance could never frame the vast design,
“ Where countless parts in justest order join.

“ The types eternal just proportions teach,
“ Greater or less, more or less perfect each.
“ These ever present Power omniscient sees,
“ On them he forms his ever-made decrees ;
“ Nor can he better love what merits least,
“ Man than an angel, or than man a beast.
“ Hence Reason, hence immortal Order springs,
“ Knowledge and Love adapted to the things.
“ And thence th’ unerring rule of justice flows,
“ To act what Order prompts, and Reason shows.

“ When man in nature’s purity remain’d,
“ By pain untroubled, and by sin unstain’d ;
“ Fair image of the God, and close conjoin’d,
“ By innate union with the heav’nly mind ;
“ In the pure splendor of substantial light,
“ The beam divine of Reason bless’d his sight ;
“ Seraphic order in its fount he view’d,
“ Seeing he lov’d, and loving he pursu’d ;
“ Nor dar’d the body, passive slave, controul
“ The sov’reign mandates of the ruling soul.
“ But soon by sin the sacred union broke,
“ Man bows to earth beneath the heavy yoke.
“ The darkling soul scarce feels a glimm’ring ray,
“ Shrouded in sense from her immortal day.
“ Vengeance divine offended Order arms,
“ And clothes in terrors her celestial charms.
“ Now grosser objects heav’n-born souls possess,
“ Passions enslave, and servile cares oppress.

- “ Fraud, rapine, murder, guilt’s long horrid train,
“ Distracted nature’s anarchy maintain.
“ No more pure Reason earthly minds can move,
“ No more can Order’s charms persuasive prove.
“ But as the moon reflecting borrow’d day,
“ Sheds on our shadow’d world a feeble ray;
“ Some scatter’d beams of Reason law contains,
“ While Order’s rule must be enforc’d by pains.
“ Hence death’s black scroll, dire tortures hence are
 giv’n;
“ Hence kings, the necessary curse of heav’n.
“ And just the doom of an avenging God,
“ Who spurn’d his sceptre, feel the tyrant’s rod,
“ Blind by our fears we meet the ills we fly,
“ In rule oppression, want in property.”

So spoke the Sage, and if not learn’d in vain,
If spotless truth in sacred books remain;
Dearly the child hath paid the parent’s pride,
And ill hath Law the heavenly rule supply’d.
Thus boasts some leech with unavailing art,
To mend the tainted lungs and wasting heart;
Bids the loose springs with wonted vigor play,
And sprightly juices warm in cold decay.

Or would imperious reason deign to own,
The world not made for sovereign man alone;
Some things there are for human use design’d,
And these in common dealt to human kind.

To mortal wants is given a power to use,
What to th' immortal part just heav'n might well
fuse.

This faithful instinct in each breast implants,
All know their rights, for all must feel their wan

But soon began the rage of wild desire
To thirst for more than use could e'er require.
Ere stung by luxury's unsated call,
And ere ambition madly grasp'd the ball,
Vain restless man in busy search employ'd,
Saw somewhat still beyond the bliss enjoy'd,
Press'd eager on ; the lowly and the great,
Alike their wish beyond their destin'd state ;
Alike condemn'd, whatever Fortune grant,
To real poorness in phantastic want.

And now some sages high by others deem'd,
For virtue honor'd, and for parts esteem'd ;
Call'd forth to judge where dubious claims are tr
Convince with reason, and with counsel guide ;
Fix'd rules devise to sway th' assenting throng,
And marks distinct impress on right and wrong.

The simple precept subtle wiles evade,
And statutes as our crimes increas'd were made :
These were at first unwritten, plain and few,
'Till swell'd by time the law's vast volume grew
And grown with these, to sway th' unwieldy tru

Thousands we chose to keep the millions just,
Some plac'd o'er others, others plac'd o'er these,
Thus government grew up by slow degrees ;
Higher the pile arose, and still more high,
When lo! the summit ends in monarchy.
There plac'd, a man in gorgeous pomp appears,
And far o'er earth his tow'ring aspect rears ;
While prostrate crowds his sacred smiles implore,
And what their crimes had form'd, their fears adore.
Low from beneath they lift their servile eyes,
And see the proud Colossus touch the skies.

So at some mountain's foot have children gaz'd,
While close to heaven they view the summit rais'd,
Eager they mount, new regions to explore,
But heav'n is now as distant as before.
Thus views the crowd a throne, while those who
rise

Claim not a nearer kindred to the skies ;
Earth is their parent, thither kings should bend,
'Tis thence they rise, and not from heaven descend.
Happy, had all the royal sons of earth
Thus sprung, nor guilt had claim'd the monstrous
birth.

Where from the sire descending through the line,
Rapine and fraud confer a right divine.

Ye mortal gods, how vainly are ye proud ?
If just your title, servants to the crowd ;

If wide your sway, if large your treasur'd store,
These but increase your servitude the more ;
A part is only yours, the rest is theirs,
And nothing all your own, except your cares.
Shall man, by nature free, by nature made
To share the feast her bounteous hand display'd,
Transfer these rights ? as well he may dispense
The beam of reason, or the nerve of sense ;
With all his strength the monarch's limbs invest,
Or pour his valor in the royal breast.

Take the starv'd peasant's taste, devouring lord !
Ere you deprive him of the genial board.
And if you would his liberty controul,
Assume the various actings of his soul !
So shall one man a people's powers enjoy,
Thus Indians deem of wretches they destroy.
Thus in old tales the fabled monster stands,
Proud of a thousand eyes, a thousand hands.
Thus dreams the sophist, who with subtle art
Would prove the whole included in a part,
A people in their king ; and from the throng,
Transfer to him their rights in nature's wrong ;
Those sacred rights in nature's charter plain,
By wants that claim them, and by powers that gain.

Though sophists err, yet stand confess'd thy claim,
And be the king and multitude the same,
Whose deeds benevolent his title prove,

And royal selfishness, in public love :
Nor, draining wasted realms for sordid pelf,
O scepter'd suicide ! destroy thyself.

Where fails this proof, in vain would we unite
The ruler's int'rest with the people's right.
Frantic ambition has her sep'rate claim,
The dropsy'd thirst of empire, *wealth*, or *fame* ;
Pride's boundless hope, valour's enthusiast rant,
With the long nameless train of fancy'd want.
Urg'd on by these, all view the magic prize,
The prospect widening as they higher rise ;
From him who seeks a limited command,
To him whose wish devours air, sea, and land.
Alike all foes to freedom's holy cause,
For freedom ties unbounded will with laws ;
Alike all foes to every public gain.
For public blessings loose the bond-man's chain.

Ill-fated slaves of arbitrary sway !
Where trusted power seduces to betray ;
Makes private failings rage a gen'ral pest,
And taints even virtue in the social breast ;
Bids friendship plunder, charity undo
The blameless *MANY*, for the favor'd *FEW*.
'Till guilt high rear'd on crimes protecting crime,
Fills the heap'd measure of predestin'd time.

Far others, ye, O wealthy, wise, and brave !
Though subject, free ; more freedom would enslave.

Bless'd with a rule by long experience try'd,
Unwarp'd by faction's rage, or kingly pride ;
Bless'd with the means, whene'er this rule shall
 bend,
Again to trace it to its glorious end ;
And bless'd with proofs, the proofs are seal'd with
 blood,
Whate'er the form, the end is public good.

But yet admit the sire his right foregoes !
Can he his children's sep'rate claim dispose ?
Whate'er the parent gave, whate'er he give,
They who have right to life, have right to live.
And spite of man's consent, or man's decree,
A right to life, is right to liberty.

Though for convenience fram'd the laws should
 shine,
Pure emanation from the source divine ;
Such as can pierce the gloom of pagan night,
And untaught savages in woods enlight ;
Such as on scaffolds can the guiltless save,
And torture on his throne the scepter'd slave ;
Such as th' offending wretch reluctant owns,
And hails its beauty with his dying groans :
In such fair laws the will of heav'n impress'd,
Shines to all eyes, and rules the conscious breast.
Though tortures cease, though night's thick-mantling
 vail
From mortal ken the secret deed conceal ;

Reason and conscience shall awake within,
And light the shade, and loud proclaim the sin.

“ But should the universal voice combine,
“ To clothe injustice in a robe divine ?”
Let the same breath divest the day of light,
To blazon forth the dusky face of night.
Then shall the laws of sainted evil bind,
And human will subvert th’ all-ruling mind ;
That sacred fount whence lawful rule must spring,
And diff’rent from the robber marks the king.

Yet vainly would despotic will conclude,
That force may sway the erring multitude,
Justice, ’tis own’d, should ever guide the free,
But pow’r of wrong, in all, is liberty ;
And for whatever purposes restrain’d,
A nation is enslav’d that may be chain’d,
Heaven gives to all a liberty of choice,
A people’s good requires a people’s voice ;
Man’s surest guide, where diff’rent views agree,
From private hate and private int’rest free.
Fatal their change from such who rashly fly,
To the hard grasp of guiding tyranny ;
Soon shall they find, when will is arm’d with might,
Injustice wield the sword, though drawn for right.

Blind to these truths who fond of boundless sway,
Bids trembling slaves implicitly obey ;

Though by a long descent from Adam down
Through scepter'd heirs, he boasts his ancient crown,
Great nature's rebel forfeits every claim,
And loads the tyrant with th' usurper's name :
While with each lawless act of proud command,
He stands proscrib'd by his own guilty hand.

Bow, Filmer, bow ! to hell's tremendous throne,
And bid thy fellow-damn'd suppress each groan !
There sits a king whom pow'r divine hath giv'n,
Nor earth boasts one so surely sent from heav'n.
And thou, blest Martyr in fair freedom's cause,
'T'hou great assertor of thy country's laws ;
Vainly oppression stopp'd thy potent breath ;
Truth shone more powerful through the vail of
death ;
Example mov'd whom precept could not save,
And lifted axes wak'd each drowsy slave.

Yet magistrates must rule, they're useful things,
Our guilt the vengeance, and avenger brings.
Whate'er more perfect heav'n might first create,
A state well govern'd, now, is nature's state ;
For law from reason springs, spontaneous fruit,
And reason sure is man's first attribute.
Let visionary schoolmen toil in vain,
Who seek in anarchy for nature's reign ;
Wretched alike the slaves of lawless will,
Whether the savage, or the tyrant kill ;

Unjust alike all rule, where public choice
Speaks not through laws a willing people's voice.
Nor freedom suffers when the guilty fall,
'Tis nature's doom, 'tis self-defence in all.

Such now is man deprav'd, that fear must sway
To tread the paths where duty points the way ;
The wretch must suffer to forewarn the rest,
And some must fall to stop the spreading pest.
Alone the gen'ral welfare can demand
The bleeding victim from th' unwilling hand.

Hence public pains—what to the crime is due,
O Judge supremel must be reserv'd for you.
To you alone, whose all-pervading eye
Deep in the breast can latent thought espy ;
Try every action by the known intent,
And to each crime adapt its punishment ;
While men, misled by erring lights, dispense
The doom of guilt to injur'd innocence ;
Or though repentance cleanse the moral stain,
Inflit on crimes aton'd avenging pain.
Yet blameless they who act sincere their part,
Faultless he errs who cannot read the heart.

Not such fierce flames the mad enthusiast's zeal,
On errors harmless to the gen'ral weal,
Whether false notions wander far from truth,
Or age retain the trace impress'd in youth.

While int'rest prompts the holy murd'rer's hand,
In sacred fires to light th' unhallow'd brand;
To draw destruction from heaven's saving page,
And bid sweet mercy breathe relentless rage.

Accurs'd all such ! and he with joy elate,
Whose baleful breath embitters certain fate ;
Who on th' imploring face malignant smiles,
And sentenc'd wretches wantonly reviles.
Better, far better in the savage den,
Let the robb'd lion judge o'er prostrate men :
Better let pow'r the lawless faulchion draw,
Than coward cruelty disgrace the law.

This well you know, O YORK ! whose righteous
 seat
Gives to the innocent a sure retreat ;
Severely just, and piously humane,
The wretch you punish, while you share his pain.
Tears with the dreadful words of sentence flow,
Nor does the rigid judge the man forego.

So feels the breast humane, ye truly brave !
And such is thine, my friend, intent to save !
Whether thy bounty pining want relieve,
Or lenient pity sooth the hearts that grieve ;
Whether thy pious hand due bounds prescribe
To little tyrants, o'er the lesser tribe ;



Or whether nobler warmth expand thy soul,
And huge leviathan unaw'd controul.

Nor Britain only claims thy gen'rous plan,
Thy rule is justice, and thy care is man.
And may this truth thy fair example prove,
Justice shall fan the flame of social love.

EPISTLE XII.

By the Same.

THROUGH the wild maze of life's still varying plan,
Bliss is alone th' important task of man:
All else is trifling, whether grave or gay,
A Newton's labors, or an infant's play ;
Whether this vainly wastes th' unheeded sun,
Or those more vainly mark the course it run ;
For of the two, sure smaller is the fault,
To err unthinking, than to err with thought ;
But if, like them, we still must trifles use,
Harmless at least, like theirs, be those we choose.
Enough it is that reason blames the choice,
Join not to her's the wretch's plaintive voice ;
Be folly free from guilt : let foplings play,
Or write, or talk, or dress, or die away.
Let those, if such there be, whose giant-mind
Superior tow'rs above their pigmy kind,
Unaided and alone, the realms explore,
Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd store.
Lo ! heav'n spreads all its stars ; let those explain,
What balanc'd pow'rs the rolling orbs sustain ;

Nor in more humble scales, pernicious weigh
Sense, justice, truth, against seducing pay.
So distant regions shall employ their thought,
And spotless senates here remain unbought.

Well had great Charles, by early want inspir'd,
With warring puppets, guiltless praise acquir'd ;
So would that flame have mimic fights engag'd,
Which fann'd by pow'r, o'er wasted nations rag'd.

Curs'd be the wretch, should all the mouths of
fame,
Wide o'er the world his deathless deeds proclaim,
Who like a baneful comet spreads his blaze,
While trembling crowds in stupid wonder gaze ;
Whose potent talents serve his lawless will,
Which turns each Virtue to a public ill,
With direful rage perverted might employs,
And Heav'n's great ends with Heav'n's best means
destroys.

The praise of power is his, whose hand supplies
Fire to the bold, and prudence to the wise ;
While man this only real merit knows,
Fitly to use the gifts which Heav'n bestows :
If savage valor be his vaunted fame,
The mountain-lion shall dispute his claim :
Or, if perfidious wiles deserve applause,
Through slighted vows, and violated laws ;
The subtle plotter's title stands confess'd,
Whose dagger gores the trusting tyrant's breast.

And sure the villain less deserves his fate,
Who stabs one wretch, than he who stabs a state.
Now, mighty hero ! boast thy dear delights,
The price of toilsome days and sleepless nights ;
Say, canst thou aught in purple grandeur find,
Sweet as the slumbers of the lowly hind ?

Better are ye, the youthful and the gay,
Who jocund rove through pleasure's flow'ry way !
Yet seek not there for bliss ! your toil were vain,
(And disappointed toil is double pain)
Though from the living fount your nectar-bowls
Pour the soft balm upon your thirsty souls ;
Though pure the spring, though every draught sincere,
By pain unbitter'd, and unpall'd by fear ;
Though all were full as high as thought can soar,
'Till fancy fires, and wishes crave no more :
Let lovely woman artless charms display,
Where truth and goodness bask in beauty's ray ;
Let heav'nly melody luxuriant float
In swelling sounds, and breathe the melting note ;
Let gen'rous wines enliv'ning thoughts inspire,
While social converse soothes the genial fire :
If aught can yet more potent charms dispense,
Some stronger rapture, some sublimer sense ;
Be these enjoy'd.—Then from the crowd arise
Some chief, in life's full pride maturely wise.
Ev'n you, my Lord, with titles, honors grac'd,
And higher still by native merit plac'd ;

By stinted talents to no sphere confin'd,
Free ranging every province of the mind :
Equally fit, a nation's weight to bear,
Or shine in circles of the young and fair ;
In grave debates instructed senates move,
Or melt the glowing dame to mutual love.
To heighten these, let conscious worth infuse
Sweet ease, and smiling mirth th' inspiring Muse.
Then answer, thou of every gift possess'd,
Say, from thy soul, art thou sincerely blest !
To various objects wherefore dost thou range ?
Pleasure must cease, ere man can wish to change.
Hast thou not quitted Flaccus' sacred lay,
To talk with Bavius, or with Flavia play ;
When wasted nature shuns the large expence
Of deep attention to exalted sense !
Precarious bliss ! which soon, which oft must cloy,
And which how few, how very few enjoy !

Say, is there aught, on which, completely blest,
Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest ?
Is there aught constant ? Or, if such there be,
Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy ?
Mark then what sense the blessing must employ !
The senses change, and loathe accustom'd joy ;
Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,
If the taste sickens, or our frame decays.

The range of life contracted limits bound ;
Yet more confin'd is pleasure's faithless round :

Fair op'ning to the sight, when first we run,
But ah! how alter'd, when again begun!
When tir'd we view the same known prospect o'er,
And lagging, tread the steps we trod before.
Now clogg'd with spleen, the lazy current flows,
Through doubts, and fears, and self-augmenting
woes;

'Till sated, loathing, hopeless here of bliss,
Some plunge to seek it into death's abyss.

Of all superfluous wealth's unnumber'd stings,
The sharpest is that knowledge which it brings;
Enjoyment purchas'd makes its object known,
And then, alas! each soft illusion's flown:
Love's promis'd sweet, ambition's lofty scheme,
The painter's image, and the poet's theme.

These, in perspective fair exalted high,
Attract with seeming charms the distant eye;
But when by envious Fortune plac'd too near,
Mis-shapen forms, and grosser tints appear:
Where lovely Venus led her beauteous train,
Some fiend gigantic holds her monstrous reign;
Crowns, scepters, laurels are confus'dly strow'd,
A wild, deform'd, unmeaning, heavy load.

Some pleasures here with sparing hand are giv'n,
That sons of earth should taste their promis'd heaven;
But what was meant to urge us to the chace,
Now stops, or sideways turns our devious race:

Though still, to make the destin'd course more plain,
Thick are our erring paths beset with pain ;
Nor has one object equal charms to prove
The fitting centre of our restless love.
And when the great Creator's will had join'd,
Unequal pair ! the body and the mind,
Lest the proud spirit should neglect her clay,
He bad corporeal objects thought convey ;
Each strong sensation to the soul impart,
Ecstatic transport or afflicting smart :
By that entic'd, the useful she enjoys ;
By this deterr'd, she flies whate'er destroys :
Hence from the dagger's point sharp anguish flows,
And the soft couch is spread with sweet repose.

In something frail, though gen'ral this design,
For some exceptions every rule confine :
Yet few were they, while nature's genuine store
Supply'd our wants, nor man yet sought for more ;
Ere diff'rent mixtures left no form the same,
And vicious habits chang'd our sickly frame.
Now subtle art may gild the venom'd pill,
And bait with soothing sweets destructive ill.

To narrow self heav'n's impulse unconfin'd
Diffusive reigns, and takes in all our kind.
The smile of joy reflected joy imparts ;
The wretch's groans pierce sympathizing hearts.
Yet not alike are all conjoin'd with all,
Nor throng with rival heat to nature's call :

Or dread the storm, that blows the wintry seas;
While he's unheeded, who alone can move,
Claims all our fears, and merits all our love;
Alone to souls can sense and thought convey,
Through the dark mansions of surrounding clay.

Man, part from heav'n, and part from humble
earth,

A motley substance, takes his various birth;
Close link'd to both, he hangs in diff'rent chains,
The pliant fetter length'ning as he strains.
If, bravely conscious of her native fires,
To the bold height his nobler frame aspires;
Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies,
Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.
But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course
Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force.
Low and more low, the burthen'd spirit bends,
While weaker still each heav'nly link extends;
'Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
She lies in matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and bound.
Wrapt in the toils of sin, just heav'n employs
What caus'd her guilt, to blast her lawless joys:
Love, potent guardian of our length'ning race,
Unnerves the feeble lecher's cold embrace;
And appetite, by nature giv'n to save,
Sinks the gorg'd glutton in his early grave.

What sends yon fleet o'er boist'rous seas to roll,
Beneath the burning line, and frozen pole?

Why ravage men the hills, the plains, the woods ?
Why spoil all nature, earth, and air, and floods ?
Seek they some prize to help a sinking state ?
No !—this must all be done ere Bernard eat.
Tell it some untaught savage ! with surprize
He asks, “ How vast must be that giant’s size !
“ How great his pow’r, who thousands can employ !
“ How great his force, who millions can destroy ! ”
But if the savage would, more curious, know
What potent virtues from such viands flow,
What blest effects they cause—consult with Sloane,
Let him explain the colic, gout, and stone !

Pleasure ’s for use ; it differs in degree,
Proportion’d to the thing’s necessity.
Hence various objects variously excite,
And diff’rent is the date of each delight ;
But when th’ allotted end we once attain,
Each step beyond it, is a step to pain.
Nor let us murmur—Hath not earth a store
For every want ? it was not meant for more.

Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,
Whose measur’d passions reach no wild excess ;
Who, urg’d by nature’s voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means, than nature’s force, employs.
While warm with youth the sprightly current flows,
Each vivid sense with vig’rous rapture glows ;
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vicious habit stings with fruitless rage ;

Gradual, his strength, and gay sensations cease,
While joys tumultuous sink in silent peace.

Far other is his lot, who not content
With what the bounteous care of nature meant,
With labour'd skill would all her joys dilate,
Sublime their sense, and lengthen out their date :
Add, blend, compose, each various mixture try,
And wind up appetite to luxury.
Thus guilty art unknown desires implants,
And viler arts must satisfy their wants ;
When to corruption by himself betray'd,
Gold blinds the slave, whom luxury has made.

The hand that form'd us, must some use intend,
It gives us pow'rs proportion'd to that end ;
And happiness may justly be defin'd,
A full attainment of the end design'd.
Virtue and wisdom this alike implies,
And blest must be the virtuous and the wise.

Bliss is ordain'd for all, since Heav'n intends
All beings should attain their destin'd ends :
For this the fair idea shines confess'd
To every mind, and glows in every breast.
Compar'd with this, all mortal joys are vain ;
Inspir'd by this, we restless onward strain.
High though we mount, the object mounts more high,
Eludes our grasp, and mingles with the sky.

With nothing less th' aspiring soul's content,
For nothing less her gen'rous flame was meant ;
Th' unerring rule, which all our steps should guide,
The certain test, by which true good is try'd.
Blest when we reach it, wretched while we miss,
Our joys, our sorrows prove, there must be bliss.
Nor can this be some visionary dream,
Where heated fancy forms the flatt'ring scheme.
There sure is bliss—else, why by all desir'd ?
What guileful pow'r has the mad search inspir'd ?
Could accident produce in all the same,
Or a vain shadow raise a real flame ?
When nature in the world's distended space,
Or fill'd, or almost fill'd each smaller place ;
Careful in meanest matter to produce
Each single motion for some certain use ;
Hard was the lot of her first fav'rite, man,
Faulty the scheme of his contracted span,
If that alone must know an useless void,
And he feel longings ne'er to be enjoy'd.

That only can produce consummate joy,
Which equals all the pow'rs it would employ ;
Such fitting object to each talent giv'n,
Earth cannot fit what was design'd for heav'n.
Why then is man with gifts sublimest fraught,
And active will, and comprehensive thought ?
For what is all this waste of mental force ?
What ! for a house, a coach, a dog, a horse ?

Has nature's Lord inverted nature's plan ?
Is man now made for what was made for man ?

There must be pleasures past the reach of sense,
Some nobler source must happiness dispense :
Reason, arise ! and vindicate thy claim,
Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame ;
Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless store
Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for more.
And thou, seraphic flame ! who could'st inspire
The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire ;
Ray of th' eternal beam ! who canst pervade
The distant past, and future's gloomy shade :
While trembling reason tempts heav'n's dazzling
height,
Sublime her force, and guide her dubious flight ;
Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming blaze,
And drinks new light from truth's immortal rays.
Great, only evidence of things divine !
By thee reveal'd, the mystic wonders shine !
What puzzled sophists vainly would explore,
What humbled pride in silence must adore,
What plainly mark'd in heav'n's deliver'd page,
Makes the taught hind more wise than Greece's sage.
Yet reason proves thee in her low degree,
And owns thy truths, from their necessity.

Conspicuous now is happiness display'd,
Possessing Him for whom alone we're made.

EPISTLE XIV.

TO A LADY.

By the Same.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
• The counsels of a faithful friend ;
Who with the warmest wishes fraught,
Feels all, at least, that friendship ought.
But since by ruling Heav'n's design,
Another's fate shall influence thine ;
O! may these lines for him prepare
A bliss, which I would die to share !

Man may for wealth or glory roam,
But woman must be blest at home ;
To this should all her studies tend,
This her great object and her end.
Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
And use can blunt affliction's sting ;
Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
And few are plung'd in utter woe ;
While nature arm'd against despair,
Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear ;

And half the thought content may gain,
Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,
From what you would, but what you can !
Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
Because you think you merit more !
Bliss ever differs in degree,
Thy share alone is meant for thee ;
And thou should'st think, however small,
That share enough, for 'tis thy all :
Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come,
Units compose the largest sum :
O ! tell them o'er, and say how vain
Are those which form ambition's train :
Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,
And bribe to ill the guilty Great !
But thou more blest, more wise than these,
Shalt build up happiness on ease.

Hail sweet Content ! where joy serene
Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene ;
And with blith fancy's pencil wrought,
Spreads the white web of flowing thought ;
Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
And clothes each charm with native grace ;

Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose
The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
Piec'd out with motley dies and sorts,
Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports;
The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
Which madness titles happiness.
While the gay wretch to revel bears
The pale remains of sighs and tears:
And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend! remove
Far from thy couch seducing love!
O! shun the false magician's art,
Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
Charm'd by his spells fair honor flies,
And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise,
Where guilt in beauty's ray beguiles,
And ruin lurks in friendship's smiles.
Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams
Of warbling groves and purling streams;
Of painted meads, of flowers that shed
Their odors round her fragrant bed.
Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
She wakes upon a desert coast!
No friendly hand to lend its aid,
No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;

Expos'd to every chilling blast,
She treads th' inhospitable waste ;
And down the drear decline of life,
Sinks a forlorn, dishonor'd wife.

Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
But clear from crime, be free from blame !
Though all were innocence within,
'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin.
Virtue rejects the foul disguise :
None merit praise who praise despise.

Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes, as low or vain !
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread alone a fairer way ;
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train,
Who forms adore, whom forms maintain !
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd ;
Foes who the laws of honor slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command !

As if heaven's delegate design'd,
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favor'd piece,
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece ;
Or whether modern in her flight,
She tell what Paris thinks polite.
For much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France.
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labor'd ease ;
Through looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.

By her each latent spring is seen,
The workings foul of secret spleen ;
The guilt that sculks in fair pretence,
Or folly veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves,
When worthlessness the world deceives ;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends ;
Or husband-trust a faithless wife,
Secure in ignorance from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due ;
Humanely anxious to produce
At least some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base !

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which wittings with contempt survey,
Blind folly no defect can see,
Half wisdom views but one degree;
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.

Whoever would be pleas'd, and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads through all the human kind;
Beauty and wit and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift and none beside,
In fashion's stream how many glide?
Secure from every mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy that shares
The public loss or private cares;
Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or merit pine in fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day.
Save where perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep;
Save when perhaps a melting tale,

O'er every tender breast prevail.
The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.
And yet if sland'rous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame.
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whate'er the circle says ;
Implicit does whate'er we do,
Without one point or wish in view,
Sure test of others, faithful glass
Through which the various phantoms pass,
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone,
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame ;
Intent, so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay in frolic shines,
Now reasons deep with deep divines.
With courtiers now extols the great,
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,
Now melts in less refin'd desires.
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free,
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd.
While every talent nature grants,
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

fore thy shining taper disappear.
tor of human life ! auspicious guide !
hose faithful clue unravels ev'ry maze :
hose skill can disengage the tangled thorn,
d smooth the rock to down ! whose magic powers
ntroul each storm, and bid the roar be still.

EPISTLE XV.

TO A
YOUNG LADY
OF THIRTEEN.

BY WILLIAM MELMOTH, ESQ.

WHILE yet no amorous youths around thee bow,
Nor flattering verse conveys the faithless vow ;
To graver notes will Sappho's soul attend,
And ere she hear the lover, hear the friend ?

Let maids less bless'd employ their meaner arts
To reign proud tyrants o'er unnumber'd hearts ;
May Sappho learn, for nobler triumphs born,
Those little conquests of her sex to scorn.
To form thy bosom to each generous deed ;
To plant thy mind with every useful seed ;
Be these thy arts : nor spare the grateful toil,
Where Nature's hand has bless'd the happy soil.
So shalt thou know, with pleasing skill, to blend
The lovely mistress, and instructive friend :
So shalt thou know, when unrelenting Time
Shall spoil those charms yet opening to their prime,

To ease the loss of Beauty's transient flower,
While reason keeps what rapture gave before.
And oh ! while Wit, fair dawning, spreads its ray,
Serenely rising to a glorious day,
To hail the growing lustre oft be mine,
Thou early favorite of the sacred Nine !

And shall the Muse with blameless boast pretend,
In Youth's gay bloom that Sappho call'd me friend :
That urg'd by me she shunn'd the dangerous way,
Where heedless maids in endless error stray ;
That scorning soon her sex's idler art,
Fair Praise inspir'd and Virtue warm'd her heart ;
That fond to reach the distant paths of Fame,
I taught her infant genius where to aim ?
Thus when the feather'd choir first tempt the sky,
And all unskill'd their feeble pinions try,
Th' experienc'd sire prescribes th' adventurous height,
Guides the young wing, and pleas'd attends the flight.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY THE LATE LORD MELCOMBE.

-----Quae censet amicus: ut si
Caecus iter monstrare velit.-----

Hor.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience taught,
Give thee to sound the depth of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs that rule mankind;
Rare gift! yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
And raise attention by sincere good will:
For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.
As, when the rapid Rhine o'er swelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's coast, in triumph rides,
Though rich in source, he drains a thousand springs,
Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings:
So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day;

Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall prophane the Muse ;
No malice wrapt in truth's disguise offend,
No flattery taint the freedom of a friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait,
Pleas'd with the shew (though little understood),
He only seeks the power, to do the good :
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, when bounty flows ;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins.
But they who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamors of the murmur'ing crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving, still their gates be
siege,

'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art ;
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace.
But few there are that can be freely kind,
Or know to fix the favors on the mind ;
Hence some whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune lose the friend :
Still give unthank'd ; still squander, not bestow ;
For great men want not what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due ;

Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts.
From this mistake so many men we see
But ill become the thing they wish to be :
Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favor in the great man's eyes :
All feel a want, though none the cause suspect,
But hate their patron for their own defect.
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favors at too dear a rate.
When merit pines while clamor is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd ;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few :
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last, because they must ;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys ?
The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides ;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives from importunity, or chance :
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favors are extorted, not bestow'd.
When safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate and loud :
Through such a tumult 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask ;

Surrounded thus, and giddy with the shew,
'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow ;
Hence then so few are skill'd in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.
Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, but neglect our hearts ;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They lift us tow'ring on the eagle's wings ;
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun,
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate.
To emulate a generous warmth, implies
To reach the virtues that make great men rise ;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues, but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence !
When every favor is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And while it helps the fortune, hurts the pride.
Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed ;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust ?
Methinks, I hear thee cry, the brave, the just ;
The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold !
We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave.
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use,



In Mem'ry's temple chaunts my name ?
One blissful moment whilst we live
Weighs more than ages of renown ;
What then do Potentates receive
Of good, peculiarly their own ?
Sweet Ease and unaffected Joy,
Domestic Peace, and sportive Pleasure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft silent scenes of lovely leisure,
To, what we Monarchs buy so dear,
The thorny pomp of scepter'd care.
My pain or bliss shall ne'er depend
On fickle Fortune's casual flight,
For, whether she's my foe or friend,
In calm repose I'll pass the night ;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her smile, or fear her frown.
But from our stations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
By which is measur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honesty
Is patrimonial property,
And sacred Freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all his peace of mind,
Guided by Plato's deathless page,
In silent solitude resign'd,
To the mild virtues of a Sage ;

Nor think that good alone to him confin'd;
Such to oblige is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace,
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king and thee;
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honor, gratitude, affection join,
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline.
Illustrious doom! the great when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall
The prey and worship of the wond'ring Gaul.

No doubt to genius some reward is due
(Excluding that were satirising you):
But yet believe thy undesigning friend;
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight, when in the balance
cast,
Let probity be first, and parts be last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit,
When party rage shall drop through length of
days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

s far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
hinted out the rocks where others split :
t inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
negligent of any fame but thine,
that friendly, but superfluous part,
acts from nature what I teach from art.

EPISTLE XVII.

TO THE
Worthy, Humane, Generous, Reverend, and Noble,
FREDERICK CORNWALLIS;
(Late Archbishop of Canterbury.)

BY SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIII.

IN frolic's hour, ere serious thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear Cornwallis, when
Fancy would take me on her airy wing
And waft to views romantic ; there display
Some motley vision, shade and sun : the cliff,
O'erhanging sparkling brooks and ruins grey,
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My spirits, and with winning look sublime
Allure to follow. What though steep the track,
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The scaler's toil ; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the prospects. She could tell

Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique ;
But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit ?)
And woo some thriving art : her num'rous mines
Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring
pulse,
Sounded irregular marches, to be gone——
What, pause a moment when Ambition calls !
No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent robe, and plain attire,
Smiling approach'd ; and what occasion ask'd
Of climbing ? She already provident
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice.
Unfit she said, for perilous attempt,
That manly limb requir'd, and sinews tough.

She took, and lay'd me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On ample ground ; where Morpheus strew'd the bed :
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence no fairy sights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice

Abroad the spirits ; but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a nitch
Demure ; or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round, the same stale silent scene :
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude !

But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams ;
And Saunter with a book ; and warbling Muse,
In praise of hawthorns.—Life's whole business this !
Is it to bask i' th' sun ? if so, a snail
Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why sits Content upon a cottage sill
At even-tide ; and blesseth the coarse meal
In sooty corner ? why sweet slumbers wait
Th' hard pallet ? not because from haunt remote,
Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap :
'Tis labour makes the peasant's sav'ry fare,
And works out his repose : for ease must ask
The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

Oh ! listen not to that enchantress Ease
With seeming smile ; her palatable cup
By standing grows insipid ; and beware
Perdition, for there's poison in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd !
What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause !
Less strict devoir the Russ and Persian claim
Despotic ; and, as subjects long inur'd
To servile burden, grow supine and tame :—
So fares it with our sov'reign, and her train:

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend
From worldly bondage to set free ; what gain
Her votaries ? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast ?

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.
Think we that man with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still ?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard !
But such the tenure of our earthly state !
Riches and fame are Industry's reward ;
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself,
If splendor charm not, yet avoid the scorn
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some

they last for ever, could not bestow real glory, if only the records of Pride, Tyranny, and Vice.

30. *In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread;*

In vain, &c.] Much less if purchased by oppression and guilt. [Studley in Yorkshire, the seat of the Aislabies, one of whom was deeply concerned in the dark transaction of the year 1720.]

ib. Next view the Hero in th' embattled field;—] True Honor is not to be reaped from unjust Conquest: It is not victory, but a just cause, that can engage our esteem.

31. *Not Caesar's self, &c.]*

Du premier des Césars on vante les exploits ;
Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé suivant les loix,
Eût-il pu disculper son injuste manie ?

ib. Whose voice wak'd Freedom in the savage mine !]

GUSTAVUS VASA.

32. *Alas, nor wit, nor science, this can boast,]* Neither is true glory to be obtained by wit or science: They are chimerical: Sometimes attended with folly, or weakness; often stained with vice, and so render their possessors mischievous and infamous.

ib. Oft vice corrupts, what sense and parts refine,]

Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux auteurs
Qui de l'honneur, en vers, infâmes déserteurs,
Trahissant la vertu sur un papier coupable,
Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice aimable.—
En vain l'esprit est plein d'une noble vigueur ;
Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses de coeur.

BOILEAU, l' Art Poet. Ch. 4.

32. ——— VIRTUE: *That alone can give, &c.*] The foundation of true Honor is Virtue only.

33 *Give SPENSER's clear, and SHAKSPERE's noble flame;*] It is Virtue only that gives the Poet lasting glory: this proved by instances.

ib. To truth and virtue the ascent is sure;] The Philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source; because Truth is his object, and nothing can be Truth that tends to destroy Virtue and Happiness. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those destructive schemes set on foot by the sect called Free-thinkers.

34. *Gordon's thin shallows, &c.*] Gordon's thin shallows. The Work here characterized is intitled, "The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our ecclesiastical Establishment:" Yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is here misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

ib. Tindal's muddy page.] Alluding to the confusion of ideas, which that dull writer labors under.

ib. Morgan:] His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—"Who by the peculiar felicity of a good choice, having learned his morality of our Tindal, and his philosophy of your [the Jews] Spinoza, calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher." WARB. Div. Leg. of Moses dem. Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.

ib. Toland.] A noted advocate for that species of atheism commonly called pantheism.

34 *Hobbes.*] It is confessed he was a man of genius and learning: Yet, through a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new systems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.

ib. Mandeville.] The Author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, "The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices public Benefits." The reader who is acquainted with the writings of these Gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of climax in this place; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.

ib. Insect opinions, &c.] Falsehood short-lived; Truth eternal.

ib. See how the lustre of the ATHENIAN sage shines, &c.] SOCRATES, and NEWTON.

Examples of the two most illustrious philosophers that ever adorned the world; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

35. *Kings, statesmen, &c.*]—must build their fame on Virtue.

ib. But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,—] Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory.

ib. See martyr-bishops, &c.] The catalogue of these heroes, through the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature: Those of our own Country were RIDLEY, LATIMER, and the good (though less fortunate) CRANMER.

ib. ————HYDE] Earl of Clarendon.

36. *Thus various honors various states adorn.*] Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honor, by promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

ib. *See then heav'n's endless bounty, &c.*] And thus the love of fame, though often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive to virtue and happiness.

ib. ——— *the man who mov'd by Virtue's laws, Reverses himself, &c.*] True honor characterized and exemplified.

EPISTLE VI.

Page 39. Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, &c.] *Ibi, fama est, in quiete visum ab eo Juvenem divina specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Hannibali missum: proinde sequeretur, neque usquam a se defletheret oculos.* Pavidum primo, nusquam circumspicientem aut respicientem, sequutum; deinde, cura humani ingenii, quum, quidnam id esset, quod respicere vetitus esset, agigaret animo, temperare oculis nequivisse; tum vidisse, post sese serpentem mira magnitudine cum ingenti arborum ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c.

LIV. xxi, 22.

40. *A dying Damian, &c.*] See January and May in Chaucer and Pope.

41. *And each fair Marchioness, &c.*] Marianne, the Fortunate Country Maid, &c.

42. *Loretto's lady.*] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome (4th edit. 8vo.) p. 155.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 50. *Expatiating alone along the dreary round.*]

Et sola in sicca secum spatiaturo arena. VIRG.

52. *How fled her Monarch,*—————] Xerxes.

55. *Apollo, though degraded still can bless,
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an s.] St.*

Apollos.

ib. And Jove himself by Peter's name baptiz'd,] At
St. Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one
of St. Peter.

56. *With Peter's sword and Michael's lance are sent,
And whate'er stores supply'd the church's arma-
ment.]*

Addit et Herculeos arcus, hastamque Minervae,
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Coeli. JUV.

57. ————*a vile Romish Priest's vile Delegate.] The*
Pope's Nuncio.

ib. See Henry in his Father's footsteps tread.] Hen. III.

58. *At Edward's and at Henry's name to fall;]* Ed-
ward I. and III. and Henry V.

ib. ————the assassin King—————] Richard III.

ib. ————a gaping Gorgon's face.] Medusa's
head in the armory of the Tower.

59. ————*the Royal hall.] Wesminster-hall.*

ib. ————the Reveller profuse—————] Henry VIII.

59. *Sold by one minister*———,] Cardinal Wolsey.
 60. —*the pious Youth too slightly seen* ;] Edward III.
ib. ————*a weak Romish Queen.*] Mary.
ib. ————*his beggar'd Daughter*—] Queen
 of Bohemia.

61. *Poison'd one son, and t'other sent to Spain.*] Prince
 Henry, and Charles I.

ib. —*the Priest, more Romish still than her* ;] Arch-
 bishop Laud.

ib. —*the next Prince, expelled his native land,*]
 Charles II.

ib. *His Hero son in Freedom's beauteous cause.*]
 William III.

ib. ————*unhappy still ! howe'er*
Posterity the gallant action bear.]

Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores. VIRG.

62. *To willing Indians deals out equal laws,*
And from his Country's voice affects applause ;]

—————*Volentes*
Per populos dat jura, viramque affectat Olympo. VIRG.

ib. *What time fair Florence on her peaceful shore,*
 * * * * *
Has lap'd me trisler in inglorious ease,
Modelling precepts—————]

Ilio Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti. VIRG.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 63. The amiable and accomplished young Nobleman who is addressed in this Epistle, after having given to his Parents and Country the fairest hopes, was cut off at Bologna, the 11th September, 1744, by the small pox, on the evening of his nineteenth birth-day.

Dr. Dalton, his tutor, the author, was born near Whitehaven in Cumberland, and educated in Queen's College, Oxford. He took his doctor's degree in the year 1750, and at his death in 1763, was prebendary of Worcester and rector of St. Mary at Hill, in London. Besides his poems in these volumes, he obliged the public with a volume of Sermons, and adapted to the theatre the *Comus* of Milton.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 74. The Lord Hervey who wrote this Epistle, was John, second son to the first Hervey, Earl of Bristol. He distinguished himself by his attachment to Whiggism, and his zealous support of Walpole. He was called up to the House of Lords in 1733, and died in the life-time of his father. Pope, who had even more malignity than wit, lampooned him without mercy, in the character of *Sporus*. Lord Hervey, however, though inferior to Pope as a poet, was in other respects a far better writer. His political tracts

have rarely been equalled, and he certainly was superior to the Satirist, as a scholar.

This address of his Lordship to his Friend, is a paraphrastic imitation of Horace, B. II. Ode 6.

75. *Permit me, Ickworth, rest, and health at last,*
Ickworth in Suffolk, has long been the residence of the Herveys.

EPISTLE XI.

Page 85. *To Wyndham, strength, and grace, and fire,
and weight ;*] Sir William Wyndham.

ib. To Granville parts to save a sinking state.] John Earl of Granville.

92 *Before a Lonsdale's head, a Lonsdale's heart.*
The late Lord.

102. *Bow, Filmer, bow! to hell's tremendous throne,*
Sir Robert Filmer, author of "Patriarcha, or, the
"Natural Power of Kings," and other pieces of the
same tendency. He was confuted by Mr. Locke, in
his Essay on Government.

ib. And thou, blest Martyr, in fair Freedom's cause,
Algernon Sydney.

EPISTLE XII.

Page 106. *Where hail and snow renew their treasur'd
store :*] Job. xxxviii. 22.

107. *—great Charles, ————*] Charles V.
Emperor of Germany, who in his retirement amused
himself with puppets. See STRADA, de bello Belgico.

114. ————*ere Bernard eat.*] A Frenchman, rendered famous for a most extravagant expence in eating.

ib. ————*consult with Sloane,*] Sir Hans Sloane.

EPISTLE XIII.

Page 121. ————*the bounties of Germain.*] Lady Elizabeth Germain.

EPISTLE XVII.

Page 140. The amiable Writer of this Epistle, was educated at Eton, and succeeded to a fellowship of King's. Having taken orders, he was instituted to the rectory of Kingsland in Herefordshire, a living of which he was patron. The friend he here addresses, whilst Bishop of Litchfield, preferred him to the arch-deaconry of Derby, and the prebendal stall he held with it. Besides the several compositions which these volumes contain, there are many imitations of Horace by him, interspersed in Mr. Duncombe's edition, though not distinguished by his name.

EPISTLE XVIII.

Page 146. ————*That castle opposite,*] A castle belonging to the Earl of Oxford.

148. *Go, search for Athens, &c.*] See Wheeler's Travels, p. 346, 7, 380, 300.

ib. *Where He, whom only dauntless Philip fear'd,*] Demosthenes.

EPISTLE XIX.

Page 154. — *Cowper, Talbot, Somers, York,*—] Respectively High Chancellors of Great Britain.

ib. — *Murray*—] The present Earl of Mansfield.

EPISTLE XXI.

Page 157. Mr. Cooper was of Thurgarton in the County of Nottingham, and possessed from his father a considerable fortune. He received his grammatical education at Westminster, and afterwards passed between two and three years at Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner of Trinity. Having married early he retired to his paternal seat, and there died, in 1769, of the stone.

THE END.





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VOL. II.

Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,
That could a purer flavor yield,
Than yields the comb this hive contains,
Though cull'd from an Hesperian field,
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.



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EPISTLES
FAMILIAR AND HUMOROUS.

EPISTLE I.

FROM
SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.
IN THE COUNTRY,

To the
LORD LOVELACE
IN TOWN.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Though now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life !
How free from wickedness and strife !
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm ;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept ;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,

e no more in rural plains,
 nocence, or peace remains;
 ice is in the cottage found,
 country girls are oft unsound:
 e party-rage each village fires,
 wars of justices and 'squires:
 neys, for a barley-straw,
 e ages hamper folks in law:
 every neighbour's in a flame
 t their rates, or tythes, or game:
 quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 e for diff'rence in religions:
 old their parson the best preacher,
 ker some a better teacher;
 , to the Church they fight for, strangers,
 have faith in nothing, but her dangers;
 While those, a more believing people,
 Can swallow all things—but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
 Care little how these matters go,
 And equally detest the strife
 And usual joys of country life,
 Have by good fortune little share
 Of its diversions, or its care;
 For seldom I with 'squires unite,
 Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
 Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
 A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting:

But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot and cows to die :
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Though in my hedge I find a snare ;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honors here in fashion ;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em ;
Militia scarlet, edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high-sheriffs hold ;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing.
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding.
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,
And visit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN, a coach !—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach ;
Lord, how unlucky !—washing-day !
And all the men are in the hay !
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd ;
The yard 's with lines of linen cross'd,

The hall-door 's lock'd, the key is lost :
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room,
Then there's such trampling over-head,
Madam you'd swear was brought to-bed ;
Miss in a hurry bursts the lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock ;
The servants run, the pewter clatters ;
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters ;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese
flutter.

Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady and the pudden :
You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and colli-flow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side ;
And by and by the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse ;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring ;
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound ;
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,

We damn all ministers and taxes.
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners !

But if civilities thus tease me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me,
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend ?
I answer, with a book, or friend :
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding :
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way ;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU ;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back agen,
Where all I see, through every page,
Is but how men with senseless rage
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,

ve a priest's, or statesman's turn ;
 gh loaded with a diff'rent aim,
 ways asses much the same.
 times I view with much delight,
 es their holy game-cocks fight ;
 faith and works at variance set,
 hard who shall the victory get ;
 wtery and episcopacy

ht so long, it would amaze ye :
 ee-will holds a fierce dispute
 reprobation absolute ;
 sense kicks transubstantiation,
 eason pecks at revelation.
 earned NEWTON now I fly
 l the rolling orbs on high,
 new worlds, and for a minute

is old one scorn, and all that's in it :

And now with laboring BOYLE I trace
 Nature through every winding maze,
 The latent qualities admire
 Of vapors, water, air and fire :
 With pleasing admiration see
 Matter's surprising subtlety ;
 As how the smallest lamp displays,
 For miles around, its scatter'd rays ;
 Or how (the case still more t' explain)
 A fart that weighs not half a grain,
 The atmosphere will oft perfume
 Of a whole spacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more :
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of CELIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from strife,
Spend an inglorious country life ;
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you :
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay ;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Nor having much, or wishing more ;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing, in all public places,
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend :
Here you'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome, though no treat,
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you :

use, where quiet guards the door,
al wits smoak, drink and roar ;
e books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

EPISTLE II.

TO

LORD BATHURST.

BY

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

How happy You ! who varied joys pursue ;
And every hour presents you something new !
Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,
For six long months have gain'd upon your heart ;
Of colonades, of corridores you talk,
The winding stair-case and the cover'd walk :
You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,
And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile :
But the dull workman's slow performing hand
Too coldly executes his lord's command.
With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,
Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,
Canals are cut, and mountains level made ;
Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade ;
The shaven turf presents a lively green ;
The bordering flow'rs in mystic knots are seen :
With studied art on nature you refine—
The spring beheld you warm in this design ;

But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,
Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze.
You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd ;
With other views your eager hopes are fir'd.
Post to the city you direct your way ;
Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay :
Ambition shews you power's brightest side ;
'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide.
Though certain pains attend the cares of state,
A good man owes his country to be great ;
Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,
Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.
With thoughts like these the shining courts you
 seek ;
Full of new projects for almost a week :
You then despise the tinsel glittering snare ;
Think vile mankind below a serious care.
Life is too short for any distant aim ;
And cold the dull reward of future fame :
Be happy then while yet you have to live ;
And love is all the blessing Heav'n can give.
Fir'd by new passion you address the fair ;
Survey the opera as a gay parterre :
Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes :
Your beating heart acknowledges her power ;
Your eager eyes her lovely form devour ;
You feel the poison swelling in your breast,
And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.
In dying sighs a long three hours are past ;

To some assembly with impatient haste,
With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,
Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love :
But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,
Easy her shape, attracting all her airs ;
A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound ;
Her melting voice has music in the sound ;
Her every motion wears resistless grace ;
Wit in her mien, and pleasure in her face :
Here while you vow eternity of love,
Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,
However deeply made, no long impress remains ;
The lightest leaf can leave its figure there ;
The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.
So yielding the warm temper of your mind,
So touch'd by every eye, so toss'd by wind ;
Oh ! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd !
Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move ;
Not wishing praise, insensible of love :
No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;
Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock ;
No print is left of all the passing flock :
So sings the wind around the solid stone :
So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.
Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,
Who dare attempt to fix impressions there :

But should some swain more skilful than the rest,
Engrave his name upon this marble breast,
Not rolling ages could deface that name ;
Through all the storms of life 'tis still the same :
Though length of years with moss may shade the
ground,
Deep, though unseen, remains the secret wound.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE
EARL OF MIDDLETON,

[From Ratisbon.]

BY
SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

SINCE love and verse, as well as wines,
Are briskest where the sun most shines,
'Tis something to lose some degrees,
Now age itself begins to freeze :
Yet this I patiently could bear,
If the rough Danube's Beauties were
But only two degrees less fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle Thames,
Who warm me hither with their beams :
Such power they have, they can dispense
Five hundred miles their influence.
But hunger forces men to eat,
Though no temptation's in the meat.
How would the ogling sparks despise
The darling damsel of my eyes ;

Should they behold her at a play,
As she's trick'd-up on holy-day;
When the whole family combine
For public pride to make her shine?
Her locks, which long before lay matted,
Are on this day comb'd out and platted:
A diamond bodkin in each tress,
The badges of her nobleness;
For every stone, as well as she,
Can boast an ancient pedigree.
These form'd the jewel erst did grace
The cap of the first Grave o' th' race;
Preferr'd by Graffin Marian
T' adorn the handle of her fan;
And, as by old record appears,
Worn since in Renigunda's years:
Now sparkling in the frokin's hair,
No rocket breaking in the air
Can with her starry head compare.
Such ropes of pearl her arms incumber,
She scarce can deal the cards at Ombre.
So many rings each finger freight,
They tremble with the mighty weight.
The like in England ne'er was seen,
Since Holbein drew Hal and his Queen.
But, after these fantastic flights,
The lustre's meaner than the lights.
The thing that bears this glittering pomp
Is but a tawdry ill-bred romp,

Whose brawny limbs and martial face
Proclaim her of the Gothic race,
More than the mangled pageantry
Of all the father's heraldry.
But there's another sort of creatures,
Whose ruddy look and grotesque features
Are so much out of nature's way,
You'd think them stamp'd on other clay ;
No lawful daughters of old Adam.
'Mongst these behold a city madam,
With arms in mittins, head in muff,
A dapper cloak and reverend ruff:
No farce so pleasant as this maukin,
And the soft sound of High-dutch talking.
Here, unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a sad case is.
Nature, her active minister,
Neglects affairs, and will not stir;
Thinks it not worth the while to please,
But when she does it for her ease.
Ev'n I, her most devout adorer,
With wandering thoughts appear before her:
And, when I'm making an oblation,
Am fain to spur imagination
With some sham London inclination :
The bow is bent at German dame ;
The arrow flies at English game.
Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
And blow that calm into a storm,

Has in the very tenderest hour
Over my gentleness a power,
True to my country-women's charms,
When kiss'd and press'd in foreign arms.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE

REV. SIR JOHN DOLBEN, BART. D. D.

SIR John, or Doctor, choose you whether ;
Or Friend, a better name than either :
Had it pleas'd dame or madam Fortune,
T'have thrown me in some place opportune,
To see, and hear, and talk with you
And Wake sometimes an hour or two ;
Or say it hours were six or seven,
(For Will can joke from morn till even)
No need had been to pump for metre,
To furnish out an idle letter ;
For then, instead of 'diting poesy,
I might have prated viva voce.
Then haply, had the way between 's
Been miles and way-bits under teens,
I might have view'd fair Finedon's tow'rs,
Its walks, and avenues, and bow'rs,
The sweet abode of you and yours ;
The noble furniture have seen,

The living furniture I mean ;
For what is all the costly traffic,
That comes from India, Spain, or Afric,
Compar'd to sprightly wit and beauty,
That always pleasant is and new t' you ?
Then had I seen in ev'ry kind,
Such beauties both of face and mind,
As oft are read of in romances,
The creatures of poetic fancies,
But save at Finedon, hardly found
On English, or un-English ground ;
Then had I—but I cry you mercy,
For I must be content with hearsay,
Nor hope to see such sights as there are,
Unless I liv'd a great deal nearer.
But miles there are twenty and thirty,
Both woundy long, and plaguy dirty,
Which I, the laziest thing alive,
Could hardly pass in days twice five.
Would Pegasus let me bestride him,
And teach me skill, when up, to ride him ;
Or had I wings well glu'd and corded,
Better than Icarus or Ford had,
Away I'd fly, nor stay to bait,
Until I knock'd at Finedon gate.
Then woe be to the beef and claret,
For by my faith I would not spare it ;
Nor should I, once possession taken,
Contrive or care to save your bacon.

But what a sot am I to think
Of such poor things as meat and drink,
And not revolve within my mind
The fairest of the fairest kind !
Since to the fair, with heart most fervent,
I vow myself an humble servant,
How should I joy to see the Lady
That makes three sweet ones call you Dady !
To see those pretty heirs apparent
Trip it along like fairies errant !
To view those little representers
Surpassing nicest skill of painters,
Resembling either Parent's face
The Digby and the Dolben race ;
To read in ev'ry line and feature,
Avi avorum wrote by Nature.

These images, dear Sir, I find
So strongly painted in my mind,
That all the while I tell my story,
Methinks I see 'em full before me.
Thus distant half a hundred miles,
I view their little play and smiles,
While, as the absent lover's use is,
Fancy supplies what fate refuses.

You see, Sir, how this long epistle,
Just like young master's bell and whistle,

Has nothing else to recommend it,
But jingling sound, and yet I send it ;
For where no better can be had,
Respect is shewn, though fare be bad.

Thus, having tir'd myself and you, Sir,
I kiss your hands, and so adieu ! Sir.

A. ALSOP.

WRIGHTWELL,
March 8, 1725.

EPISTLE V.

TO

The Honorable

GEORGE DODDINGTON,

[Afterwards Lord Melcombe.]

BY CHRISTOPHER PITT, M. A.

IF Doddington will condescend
To visit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain dishes here ;
No costly welcome, but a kind
He and his friends will always find ;
A plain, but clean and spacious room,
The master and his heart at home,
A cellar open as his face,
A dinner shorter than his grace ;
Your mutton comes from Pimper-down, •
Your fish (if any) from the town ;
Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'er-aw'd,
By human laws, not those of God,
No venison steal, or none they bring
Or send it all to master King ;

And yet, perhaps, some venturous spark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have store, and beer beside,
And port that 's good, though frenchified.
Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
From Eastbery—a desert—of wit.

One line, good Sir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

EPISTLE VI.

TO THE
REVEREND CHRISTOPHER PITT,

ON HIS HAVING A FIT OF THE GOUT.

FROM HIS BROTHER.

Among the well-bred natives of our isle,
"I kiss your hand, Sir," is the modish style;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiss your venerable toe,
Not Old Infallibility's can have
Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn Gout!
What conscious greatness if the heart be stout!
Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,
In painful majesty and decent pride,
With leg tost high, on stately sofa sit,
More like a sultan than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though (or authors fail)
At times the anti-salic laws prevail.

Now, Lord have mercy on poor Dick! say I,
“Where’s the lac’d shoe—who laid the flannel by?”
Within, ’tis hurry, the house seems possest;
Without, the horses wonder at their rest.
What terrible dismay, what scenes of care!
Why is the sooty Mintrem’s hopeful heir
Before the morning-dawn compell’d to rise,
And give attendance with his half-shut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous visage stare?
What fiends prevent Ead’s journey to the fair?
Why all this noise, this bustle and this rout?
“Oh, nothing—but poor master has the gout.”

Meantime, superior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,
In rapturous trance on Virgil’s genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,
And, like Aeneas, from your couch of state,
In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain?
Or does the Muse suspend the rage of pain?
Awhile give o’er your rage; in sickness prove
Like other mortals, if you’d pity move:
Think not your friends compassionate can be,
When such the produët of disease they see;
Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight,
We’ll wish you still the Gout, if still you write.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.

BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

If you, dear Sir, will deign to pass a day
In the fair vale of Orpington and Cray,
And live for once as humble vicars do,
On Thursday I'll expect you here by two.
Expect no niceties with me to pick,
But Bansted mutton, and a barn-door chick.
My friends with generous liquors I regale,
Good port, old hock, or, if they like it, ale ;
But if of richer wine you choose a quart,
Why bring, and drink it here—with all my heart.
Plain is my furniture, as is my treat,
For 'tis my best ambition, to be neat.
Leave then all sordid views, and hopes of gain,
To mortals miserable, mad, or vain ;
Put the last polish to th' historic page,
And cease awhile to moralize the age.
By your sweet converse chear'd the live-long day
Will pass unnotic'd, like the stream, away.

Why should kind Providence abundance give,
If we, like niggards, can't afford to live ?
The wretched miser, poor 'midst heaps of pelf,
To cram his heir, most madly starves himself—
So will not I—give me good wine and ease,
And let all misers call me fool that please.
What cannot wine ? it opens all the soul ;
Faint hope grows brilliant o'er the sparkling bowl :
Wine's generous spirit makes the coward brave,
Gives ease to kings, and freedom to the slave :
Bemus'd in wine, the bard his duns forgets,
And drinks serene oblivion to his debts :
Wine drives all cares and anguish from the heart,
And dubs us connoisseurs of every art.
Whom does not wine with eloquence inspire ?
The bowzy beggar struts into a squire.
This you well know—to me belongs to mind
That neatness with frugality be join'd :
That no intruding blab, with itching ears,
Darken my doors, who tells whate'er he hears.
Two Duncombes, each a poet, with me dine,
Your friends, and decent Colman, a divine :
There's room for more ; so, to complete the band,
Your wife shall bring fair Innocence in hand,
Should Cave want copy, let the teaser wait,
While you steal secret through the garden gate.

EPISTLE VIII.

TO
POLLIO,
FROM THE
HILLS OF HOWTH IN IRELAND.

BY
THE LATE EARL NUGENT.

POLLIO ! would'st thou condescend
Here to see thy humble friend,
Far from doctors, potions, pills,
Drinking health on native hills;
Thou the precious draught may'st share,
Lucy shall the bowl prepare.
From the brousing goat it flows,
From each balmy shrub that grows;
Hence the kidling's wanton fire,
Hence the nerves that brace his sire.
Vigorous, buxom, young and gay,
Thou like them shalt love and play.

What, though far from silver Thames,
Stately piles, and courtly dames ;
Here we boast a purer flood,
Joys that stream from sprightly blood ;

Here is simple beauty seen,
Fair, and cloath'd like beauty's queen :
Nature's hands the garbs compose,
From the lily and the rose.
Or, if charm'd with richer dies,
Fancy every robe supplies.
Should perchance some high-born fair,
Absent, claim thy tender care ;
Here, enraptur'd shalt thou trace,
STANHOPE's shape, and RICHMOND's face ;
While the waking dream shall pay
Many a wishing, hopeless day.
Domes with gold and toil unbought,
Rise by magic pow'r of thought,
Where by artist's hand undrawn,
Slopes the vale, and spreads the lawn ;
As if sportive nature meant,
Here to mock the works of Kent.

Come, and with thee bring along
Jocund tale and witty song,
Sense to teach, and words to move,
Arts that please, adorn, improve ;
And, to gild the glorious scene,
Conscience spotless and serene.

Poor with all a HEATHCOTE's store,
Lives the man who pines for more.
Wretched he who doom'd to roam,
Never can be blest at home ;

Nor retire within his mind,
From th' ungrateful and unkind.
Happy they whom crowds befriend,
Curs'd who on the crowd depend ;
On the great one's peevish fit,
On the coxcomb's spurious wit ;
Ever sentenc'd to bemoan
Others failings in their own.

If, like them, rejecting ease,
Hills and health no longer please ;
Quick descend !——Thou may'st resort
To the viceroy's splendid court.
There, indignant, shalt thou see
Cringing slaves, who might be free,
Brib'd with titles, hope, or gain,
Tye their country's shameful chain ;
Or, inspir'd by heav'n's good cause,
Waste the land with holy laws :
While the gleanings of their power,
Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.

Now, methinks, I hear thee say,
“ Drink alone thy mountain whey !
“ Wherefore tempt the Irish shoals !
“ Sights like these are nearer Paul's.”

EPISTLE IX.

FROM

CELIA TO CLOE.

BY ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

F. R. S.

I RURAL life enjoy, the town's your taste,
In this we differ, twins in all the rest.
Yet when the dog-star brings diseases on,
And each fond mother trembles for her son ;
Now when the Mall's forlorn, the beaux and belles
All for retirement crowd to Tunbridge-Wells ;
Say, will not CLOE for awhile withdraw
From dear Vauxhall and charming Ranelagh ?
Sure at this homely hut one may contrive
Awhile not only to exist, but live ;
For not dull landscapes here my thoughts engross,
Woods, lawns, and rills, and grottoes green with
moss.

No, the same appetite that courts infuse,
Haunts in retreat, and to the shade pursues.
Here all my cares are to receive and pay
Visits, my studies a romance or play.
And then to pass the live-long Sunday off,
Walks or a ride, nay church serves well enough.

At church, one has a chance to see cockades,
Lur'd thither in pursuit of country maids :
Or tall Hibernian smit with fond desire
To wed the only daughter of a squire.
Cards have their turn, to kill a tedious hour,
If baulk'd of whist, piquette is in my pow'r ;
For oft the captain, fresh from town, bestows
A friendly week upon his friend my spouse.
Then gaily glide the days on downy feet,
For sure the captain has prodigious wit ;
O I could hear his sweet discourse for ever,
Of all that's done, and who and who's together.
Oft far and wide for new delights I range,
True sex, and constant to the love of change.
Is there within ten miles a troop review'd,
An auction of old goods, an interlude
By strolling players, an horse-race, or a ball ?
There to be seen I have an urgent call.
The labors of the plough are then forgot,
And THOMAS mounts the box in liv'ry coat.
Scenes odd as these, if Cloe can endure,
(And yet these scenes are town in miniature),
Come and reflect on Ranelagh with scorn,
Content ev'n here, at least 'till routs return.

EPISTLE X.

TO
MISS ANNE CONOLLY,

FROM
MISS COURTENAY.

MAY, 1753.

THO' kind your words—how full of sorrow !
“ Adieu ! dear Bell—we part to-morrow ! ”
Farewell ! dear sister of my youth,
Ally'd by honor, love, and truth ;
Farewell our visits, sports, and plays,
Sweet solace of our childish days ;
Farewell our walks to Park and Mall,
Our jaunts to concert, route, or ball ;
Farewell our dish of sprightly chat,
Of—who said this—and who did that ;
Critiques on scissars, needles, pins,
Fans, aigrettes, ribbands, capuchins,
Along farewell ! Conolly flies
To distant suns, and diff'rent skies !

A Muse in tears moves slow and dull,
How weak the head, the heart so full !

Slight sorrows find an easy vent,
And trifling cares are eloquent;
Sad silence only can express,
The genuine pains of deep distress;
Yet I cou'd rave in darken'd chamber
On seas of milk, and ships of amber,
Like frantic Belvidera, when is
Perform'd the tragedy of Venice
Preserv'd—Oh! as I hope to marry,
Cibber is parted from her Barry;
This by the by, may serve as news
To-morrow on your way t' amuse,
It causes great, great speculation—
Part of the business of the nation.

But hang digressions—to return;
And must I three long winters mourn?
That tedious length spun out and past
We meet—but how improv'd your taste?
Your figure, manner, dress, and wit,
With all things for a Lady fit;
For, *entre nous*, my dear, our faces
Should be the least of all our graces;
If nought but Beauty wings the dart,
We strike the eye, but miss the heart;
But hush, and till we meet again,
Pray keep this secret from the men:
Should the weak things this truth discover,
How few coquettes would keep a lover!

And yet, so plain (tho' blind you know)
Milton could see it years ago:
Thus has the bard our sex attackt,
"Fair outward, inward less exact."
But you a strong exception stand,
With Wit and Beauty hand in hand,
Apart how weak! combin'd how strong!
They'll sweep whole ranks of hearts along;
Before such pow'rs each foe will fly,
That *principal*, and this *ally*.
Lovers you then will slay in plenty,
Like Bobadil each day your twenty;
Then will you grow the topic common,
"How soon, (they'll say) shot up a woman!
"What eyes! what lips! how fine each feature!
"Fore gad!—a most delicious creature!"——
This from the beaux—Mean time each belle, in
Mere spite, my dear, at your excelling,
Stung to the heart and devilish jealous
Of homage paid by pretty fellows.
Shall flirt her fan, and toss, and snuff,
And cry—"The thing is well enough—
"But for my soul, to say what's true t'ye,
"I can't find out where lies her beauty."
Mean time you smile with sweet disdain,
Like Dian 'midst her meaner train.

Thus my prophetic soul foreknows
What Time shall more anon disclose.

Swift move that time on rapid wing,
And news of dear Conolly bring :
Yet let not those who love, complain,
If thus to part is killing pain,
'Tis still to make the bliss more dear,
When the sweet hour of meeting's near.
So streams are sever'd in their course
To join again with double force.

EPISTLE XI.

TO
A LADY, IN AUTUMN.

BY THE LATE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Asses milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before,
Then sleep for an hour or two, and no more.
At nine stretch your arms, and oh! think when alone,
There's no pleasure in bed.—MARY, bring me my

gown :

Slip on that ere you rise ; let your caution be such :
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too
much ;

Your pinners set right, your twitcher ty'd on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done;
Retire to some author, improving and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for the
day.

At twelve you may walk, for at this time o' the year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild as 'tis clear :
But mark in the meadows the ruin of Time ;
Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime.
Return not in haste, nor of dressing take heed ;
For beauty, like yours, no assistance can need.



With an appetite, thus, down to dinner you sit,
Where the chief of the feast is the flow of your wit :
Let this be indulg'd, and let laughter go round ;
As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.
After dinner two glasses at least, I approve ;
Name the first to the king, and the last to your love :
Thus cheerful with wisdom, with innocence gay,
And calm with your joys gently glide through the
day.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Then in chat or at play, with a dance, or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along.
All cares, but of love, banish far from your mind ;
And those you may end, when you please to be kind.

EPISTLE XII.

FROM

J. *BRAMSTON*

TO

CAPTAIN HINTON.

HINTON, old Friend, accept from me
The following rules without a fee :
An asthma is your case, I think,
So you must neither eat nor drink ;
I mean, of meats preserv'd in salt,
Nor any liquor made of malt ;
From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
From hams, and tongues, and pigeon-pies ;
If venison-pasty's set before you,
Each bit you eat—memento mori.

Your suppers, nothing, if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
And now, perhaps, you may observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve ;
No—I allow you at a meal
A leg, a loin, or neck of veal ;

Young turkeys—I allow you four,
Partridge and pullets half a score ;
Of house-lamb boil'd eat quarters two ;
The devil's in't if this wont do.—

Now, as to liquor—why indeed,
What I prescribe, I send you—Mead ;
Glasses of wine (t' extinguish drought)
Take three with water, three without.
Let constant exercise be tried,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride ;
Health oftner comes from Blackdownhill,
Than from th' apothecary's bill.
Some, if they are not cur'd at once,
Proclaim their doctor for a dunce :
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Rules and restraints you must endure,
What comes by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomona in a pye :
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And Venus must go unenjoy'd :
Whate'er you take, put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.

For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat sago, gruel, barley, rice ;
Take burdock roots, and, by my troth,
I'd mingle daisies in my broth.

Thus may you draw with ease your breath,
Deluding, what you dread not, death;
Thus may you laugh, look clear, and thrive,
Enrich'd by those whom you survive.
May dying friends, with one accord,
Worth and Sincerity reward.

EPISTLE XIII.

FROM

T. H.

TO

SIR HANS SLOANE, BART.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, sav'd my life,
By turns to bless and curse my wife ;
In conscience I'm oblig'd to do,
What your commands enjoin'd me to :
According then to your command,
That I should search the western land,
And send you all that I can find
Of curious things of every kind ;
I've ravag'd air, earth, sea, and cavern,
Wine, women, children, tombs and tavern ,
And greater rarities can shew
Than Gresham's children ever know ;
Which carrier Dick shall bring you down,
Next time the waggon comes to town.

First, I have drops of the same disease
Which Jove in Danaë's lap did give ;

From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send
That help'd queen Dido to her end :
The snake-skin, which, you may believe,
The serpent cast who tempted Eve ;
A fig-leaf apron, 'tis the same
Which Adam wore to hide his shame ;
But now wants darning ; sir, beside,
The jaw by which poor Abel died ;
A whetstone worn exceeding small,
Which Time hath whet his teeth withal.
The pigeon stuf, which Noah sent
To tell which way the waters went——
A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
The same which Dalilah did wear.
St. Dunstan's tongs, as story goes,
That pinch'd the Devil by the nose.
The very shaft, as all may see,
Which Cupid shot at Antony :
And, what beyond them all I prize,
A glance of Cleopatra's eyes.
Some strains of eloquence which hung,
In Roman times, on Tully's tongue ;
Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
'Till Cowper found them out again !
Then I've (most curious to be seen)
A scorpion's bite to cure the spleen.
As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
I've pills cure maggots in the head ;
With the receipt how you may make 'em,
To you I leave the time to take 'em.

I've got a ray of Phoebus' shine,
Found in the bottom of a mine ;
A lawyer's conscience, large and clear,
Fit for a judge himself to wear.
I've choice of nostrums how to make
An oath which churchmen will not take.
In a thumb-vial you shall see,
Close-stopt, some drops of honesty :
Which, after searching kingdoms round,
At last was in a cottage found.
I ha'n't collected any care,
Of that there's plenty every where :
But, after wondrous labor spent,
I've got three grains of rich content.
It is my wish, it is my glory,
To furnish your nicknatory :
I only beg, that when you show 'em ;
You'll fairly tell to whom you owe 'em ;
Which will your future patients teach
To do, as has done, your's

T. H.

EPISTLE XIV.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE

TO HIMSELF.

WELL, this poetic itch creeps on,
Dodsley adopts you all his own :
First Phoebe gave the luckless hint ;
Now your Epistles flare in print ;
This week, on every stall they lie
Display'd ; the next beneath a pye ;
Instead of purple and the coif,
Curll prints your works, and writes your life.
If Maevius scribble, 'tis to feed
A bard inspir'd by daring need :
But, having wherewithal to dine,
What vengeance damns thee to the Nine ?
You write to please—a task indeed !—
Taste differs, just as men who read :
This loves an easy line, and that
Deems all that is not glaring, flat.
Some, wit and thought can scarce endure ;
Swift is too vulgar, Pope obscure ;

Whim, Weather, Envy, Party, Spite,
 Sit heavy on the tribe that write ;
 Sad lot of authors! vain your toil !
 Away with all your midnight oil,
 Your charity to human kind;
 Who holds a taper to the blind ?
 A poet, wrapt in song sublime,
 Suits not our sublunary clime ;
 Few are endued with eagle eyes,
 To mark his progress through the skies ;
 And when he wings his lofty flight,
 He perishes from vulgar sight.
 Yet, spite of folly or caprice,
 Suppose ('tis but hypothesis)
 Your Muse could win her way to praise,
 And Chesterfield approve the lays ;
 Now sudden wreaths your temples crown,
 Proclaim'd a poet—about town,
 Thee, toasts admire, and peers caress ;
 Frail and fallacious happiness !
 Peers treat their poets as their whores,
 Enjoy, then turn them out of doors,
 For wit (if always in your power)
 Is but a cordial for an hour :
 Shown like a fresh imported ape,
 Awhile you set the town agape ;
 Beaux, belles, and captains, form a ring,
 To see the new facetious thing ;
 This happy Minion of the Nine,
 We wonder when he means to shine ;

Mindless of others love or spite,
He car'd not, so he pleas'd the knight ;
And wrote, and wrote, as was the fashion,
To praise the knight's administration.
Nay once, all worldly zeal so warm is,
He wrote in praise of standing armies.
Such arts your darling Horace grew by ;
Such might have rais'd an arrant booby.

EPISTLE XV.

TO

*MR. H * *.*

BY

SIR WILLIAM YONGE, BART.

UNSKILL'D in Greek or Roman tongue,
Which words are short, and which are long,
To thee these home-spun lines I send,
Not as a scholar, but a friend.

Here I might shew from wise example,
In work elaborate and ample,
That Homer, though he wrote in Greek,
Wrote what his mother taught him speak.
Horace and Virgil's learned Latin
Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in:
That all fam'd Bards (except the Dutch,
If ever there were any such)
Have writ the poems they excel in
In the same tongue they learn'd to spell in.
To thee alone, with greatest ease,
'Tis granted in all ways to please,

And, by a gift from heaven miraculous,
All linguae are to thee vernaculous ;
That Horace self had scarcely known
Thy thoughts or language from his own.

Many a lad returns from school,
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool ;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skill'd in Hic, Haec, Hoc.
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks and foundering clay,
Till, weary with their road, they stop
Just at the mountain's lofty top,
Still poring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous prospect round,
Which hid behind the summit lies,
Conceal'd from low and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay
The toil and drudgery of the way ;
From hence they might with transport view
All that the ancient sages knew,
What they perform'd, and what they thought ;
How Tully spoke, and Caesar fought :
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own :
While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their shame.

Yet we might spare the mighty pains
In searching ancient dark remains,

Since greater worthies rise at home,
And Britain scorns to yield to Rome.

Augustus' reign, renown'd for peace,
For learning, wit, and wealth's increase,
No more we envy, while our land
Is doubly blest from George's hand.
Ammon's success, and Caesar's mind,
To form victorious Marlborough join'd :
Demosthenes' and Tully's fame
Must yield to Walpole's greater name ;
Faction and Strife, to hear his voice,
Are dumb, and cease their jarring noise ;
Whole senates bow their yielding minds,
Like woods before the southern winds :
Free from deceit and servile art,
He speaks the dictates of his heart ;
His tongue enchants, his counsel leads ;
Peace enters first, and Wealth succeeds :
His virtue 's through the land confest,
While thus he soothes us to be blest.

If to new scenes we turn our view,
And learning, arts, and wit pursue,
Our land can furnish men of fame,
T' eclipse the Greek and Roman name.

Locke shall instruct and form our youth,
And teach their understandings truth :

Vice shall look pale, and Virtue thrive,
Humanity and Friendship live,
While Addison our morals rules,
And 'proves all villains to be fools.
Newton shall lead our ravish'd souls
Through boundless worlds beyond the poles;
From star to star direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain, to prove
Our nation's boast, our country's love:
A land of patriots, brave and free,
While all mankind are slaves but we.
To what a height true wit can reach,
Let Waller and let Congreve teach.
And if we needs must write by rules,
Without th' assistance of the schools,
In flowing verse, and lines well wrought,
What Horace, what Quintilian thought,
(Join'd with a little mother-wit)
Roscommon and our Pope have writ.

The Fair, who best the Muse inspire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of Thames.
Th' Egyptian queen the ancients boast,
For whom the well-fought world was lost,
Tell me, dear H* *, thou canst tell,
Thou know'st the dead and living well,

Could she her haughty charms compare
With her, who represents her here ?
Old Homer's theme, the Grecian dame,
Who set whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld Lavinia's eyes ;
The Greeks for her alone had strove,
And Paris had been false to love.

Thus taught, and thus inspir'd, I write
What friendship, and what love indite ;
Free from each modern witling's vice,
Envy, and slander, flattery, lies :
To please our pride, or gain our end,
Each jest should sacrifice a friend ;
While one's ill-nature joins to praise
What t'other's malice dully says.

In peace my harmless minutes pass
'Twixt business, beauty, and a glass ;
Nor want I aught my soul to cheer,
But thee, to join in pleasures here :
Thus may I live till life shall end,
And love my mistress, country, friend.

EPISTLE XVI.

TO THE
LORD VISCOUNT PULTENEY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVII.

At Westminster-School.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

To you, my Lord, these lines I write,
Lest you forget poor Coley quite,
(Who still is drudging in the College,
In slow pursuit of further knowledge ;
With many a cruel lash his — on,
To make him some time hence a parson ;
A judge, perhaps, or a physician,
Strolling on Ratcliffe's exhibition.)

While You with foreign monarchs dine,
Or sup with princes cross the Rhine,
Idle your hours in lazy state,
Just as forgetful as you're great ;
Ramble to ev'ry court your rounds,
Draw when you please an hundred pounds ;
Despise expence, and dress out tawdry,

In cloaths of lace, and gay embroid'ry ;
Shine at the ball, and briskly dance,
As though you had been bred in France.
I hear too that your constant trade is
To ogle and ensnare the ladies,
Whose hearts, unwary, fire like tinder,
And waste away by love t'a cinder,
Whilst you are glad to see your pride
On all occasions gratified,
And disregard your friends at London,
Not caring tho' they're hang'd or undone.
" But hold (you cry) why this abuse ?
" Pray hearken, Sir, to my excuse ;
" Nor hurry with impetuous thought,
" To blame your friend, ere he's in fault.
" At th' Hague we had not time to rest us,
" Disturbances did so molest us ;
" For you must know, these scoundrel Dutch
" Rebel, for being *tax'd* too much.
" Loyal and passive we obey on,
" And bear all taxes they can lay on.
" The British Lion now is couchant,
" Grumbling, perhaps, but won't make much
on't ;
" Taking with patient resignation,
" Whate'er's impos'd upon the nation.
" In camp too, I'd but little leisure,
" My time was so fill'd up with pleasure.
" With all old school-fellows so dear,
" And Albemarle and Ligonier,

“ That I had scarce an hour to spare.
“ The duke too shew’d me a review,
“ All that at that time, he could do ;
“ For you must know, at present writing,
“ Our armies have all done with fighting.
“ From hence to Hanover we went,
“ Liv’d in a round of merriment.
“ I had no time to scribble letters,
“ To you, dear Coley, or your betters.”

My Lord, you’re right, and we from hence
Will quite o’erlook your negligence.
But, *sans* offence, may I enquire,
In what the present hours expire ?
What pleasure or what study best
Your temper suits, may I request ?
I hear in law you’re a proficient ;
And other learning have sufficient ;
Can solve a problem mathematic,
And read with ease a Greek dramatic ;
You’re skill’d in history enough ;
Of algebra have *quantum suff.*
And are, by learned mens’ tuition,
The quintessence of erudition ;
So vers’d in all that can be nam’d,
Isis and Cam are quite asham’d,
And all their scholars are downright sick,
To see themselves outdone at Leipsick.
Tho’ I have long with study mental
Labor’d at language Oriental,

Yet, in my soil, the Hebrew root
Has scarcely made one single shoot.

I've now broke up, but have a task tho'
Harder than your's with Mr. Mascow ;
For mine's as knotty as the devil,
Your law and master both are civil ;
With milder means to learning lead,
By diff'rent roads, with diff'rent speed,
Douglas and you keep gently jogging,
But I must run the race with flogging.

EPISTLE XVII.

FROM
CAMBRIDGE

TO

MASTER HENRY ARCHER,

A Young Gentleman at Eton School.

BY EDWARD LITTLETON, L. L. D.

THOUGH plagu'd with algebraic lectures,
And astronomical conjectures,
Wean'd from the sweets of poetry
To scraps of dry philosophy,
You see, dear HAL, I've found a time
T' express my thoughts to you in rhyme.
For why, my friend, should distant parts,
Or time, disjoin united hearts;
Since, though by intervening space
Depriv'd of speaking face to face,
By faithful emissary letter
We may converse as well, or better?
And, not to stretch a narrow fancy,
To shew what pretty things I can say,
(As some will strain at simile,
First work it fine, and then apply;

Add Butler's rhymes to Prior's thoughts,
 And choose to mimic all their faults,
 By head and shoulders bring in a stick,
 To shew their knack at hudibrastic,)
 I'll tell you, as a friend and crony,
 How here I spend my time, and money ;
 For time and money go together
 As sure as weathercock and weather ;
 And thrifty guardians all allow
 This grave reflection to be true,
 That whilst we pay so dear for learning
 Those weighty truths we've no concern in,
 The spark who squanders time away
 In vain pursuits, and fruitless play,
 Not only proves an arrant blockhead,
 But, what's much worse, is out of pocket.
 Whether my conduct bad, or good is,
 Judge from the nature of my studies.

No more majestic Virgil's heights,
 Nor tow'ring Milton's loftier flights,
 Nor courtly Horace's rebukes,
 Who banters vice with friendly jokes,
 Nor Congreve's life, nor Cowley's fire,
 Nor all the beauties that conspire
 To place the greenest bays upon
 Th' immortal brows of Addison ;
 Prior's inimitable ease,
 Nor Pope's harmonious numbers please ;
 How can poetic flow'rs abound,

How spring in philosophic ground ?
Homer indeed (if I would shew it)
Was both philosopher and poet,
But tedious philosophic chapters
Quite stifle my poetic raptures,
And I to Phoebus bade adieu
When first I took my leave of you.
Now algebra, geometry,
Arithmetic, astronomy,
Optics, chronology, and statics,
All tiresome points of mathematics ;
With twenty harder names than these,
Disturb my brains, and break my peace.
All seeming inconsistencies
Are nicely solv'd by a's, and b's ;
Our senses are disprov'd by prisms,
Our arguments by syllogisms.
If I should confidently write
This ink is black, this paper white,
Or, to express myself yet fuller,
Should say that black, or white's a colour ;
They'd contradict it, and perplex one
With motion, light, and its reflection,
And solve th' apparent falsehood by
The curious texture of the eye.
Should I the poker want, and take it,
When't looks as hot, as fire can make it,
And burn my finger, and my coat,
They'd flatly tell me, 'tis not hot ;
The fire, say they, has in't, 'tis true,

The pow'r of causing heat in you ;
But no more heat's in fire that heats you,
Than there is pain in stick that beats you.

Thus too philosophers expound
The names of odour, taste, and sound ;
The salts and juices in all meat
Affect the tongues of them that eat,
And by some secret poignant power,
Give them the taste of sweet, and sour.
Carnations, violets, and roses
Cause a sensation in our noses ;
But then there's none of us can tell
The things themselves have taste, or smell,
So when melodious Mason sings,
Or Gething tunes the trembling strings,
Or when the trumpet's brisk alarms
Call forth the cheerful youth to arms,
Convey'd through undulating air
The music's only in the ear.

We're told how planets roll on high,
How large their orbits, and how nigh ;
I hope in little time to know
Whether the moon's a cheese, or no ;
Whether the man in't, as some tell ye,
With beef and carrots fills his belly ;
Why like a lunatic confin'd
He lives at distance from mankind ;
When he at one good hearty shake

Might whirl his prison off his back ;
Or like a maggot in a nut
Full bravely eat his passage out.
Who knows what vast discoveries
From such inquiries might arise ?
But feuds, and tumults in the nation
Disturb such curious speculation.
Cambridge from furious broils of state,
Foresees her near-approaching fate ;
Her surest patrons are remov'd,
And her triumphant foes approv'd.

No more ! this due to friendship take,
Not idly writ for writing's sake ;
No longer question my respect,
Nor call this short delay neglect ;
At least excuse it, when you see
This pledge of my sincerity ;
For one who rhymes to make you easy,
And his invention strains to please you,
To shew his friendship cracks his brains,
Sure is a mad-man if he feigns.

EPISTLE XVIII.

TO

CORINNA,

FROM A

CAPTAIN IN COUNTRY QUARTERS.

BY

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, ESQ.

My earliest flame, to whom I owe
All that a captain needs to know,
Dress, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
Lewd songs, loud laughter, and all that:
Arts that have widows oft subdued,
And never fail'd to win a prude;
Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
At quarters, from Corinna torn.
Not more distress the cornet feels
From gruel, and *Ward's* popish pills.
What shall I do now you're away,
To kill that only foe, the day?
The landed 'squire, and dull freeholder
Are sure no comrades for a soldier;
To drink with parsons all day long,
Misaubin tells me would be wrong:

Sober advice, and Curll's Dutch whore
I've read, 'till I can read no more.
At noon I rise, and strait alarm
A sempstress' shop, or country farm ;
Repuls'd, my next pursuit is a'ter
The parson's wife, or landlord's daughter :
At market oft for game I search,
Oft at assemblies, oft at church,
And plight my faith and gold to-boot :
Yet demme if a soul will do't—
In short, our credit's sunk so low,
Since troops were kept o'foot for shew,
She that for soldiers once run mad,
Is turn'd republican, 'egad !
And when I boast my feats, the shrew
Asks who was slain the last review.
Know then, that I and captain Trueman
Resolve to keep a miss—in common :
Not her, among the batter'd lasses,
Such as our friend Toupét caresses,
But her, a nymph of polish'd sense,
Which pedants call Impertinence ;
Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and swear,
And rally with the prettiest air—
Amidst our frolicks and carouses
How shall we pity wretched spouses !
But where can this dear soul be found,
In garret high, or under ground ?
If so divine a fair there be,
Charming Corinna, thou art she.

But oh! what motives can persuade
Belles, to prefer a rural shade,
In this gay month, when pleasures bloom,
The park, the play—the drawing-room—
Lo! birthnights upon birthnights tread,
Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd;
My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
Calls in his way to Farinelli;
Add that my satt'n gown and watch
Some unfledg'd booby 'squire may catch,
Who charm'd with his delicious quarry,
May first debauch me, and then marry;
Never was season more befitting
Since convocations last were sitting.
And shall I leave dear Charing-cross,
And let two boys my charms ingross?
Leave play-house, temple, and the rummer?
A country friend might serve in summer!

The town's your choice—yet, charming fair,
Observe what ills attend you there.
Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
Are kept by quality on duty;
Cits, for atoning alms disburse
A tester—templars, something worse:
My lord may take you to his bed,
But then he sends you back unpaid;
And all you gain from generous cully,
Must go to keep some Irish bully.
Pinchbeck demands the tweezer case,

And *Monmouth-street* the gowns and stays;
More mischiefs yet come crowding on,
Bridewell,—West Indies—and Sir John—
Then oh! to lewdness bid adieu,
And chastely live, confin'd to two.

ÆPISTLE XIX.

CAPTAIN THOMAS,

Of Battering's Regiment, in the Isle of Skie.

TO

CAPTAIN PRICE,

At Fort Augustus.

COME, Thomas, give us t'other sonnet.—
Dear captain, pray reflect upon it.—
Was ever so absurd a thing?
What, at the pole to bid me sing!
Alas! search all the mountains round,
There's no Thalia to be found;
And Fancy, child of southern skies,
Averse the sullen region flies.
I scribble verses! why you know
I left the Muses long ago,
Deserted all the tuneful band
To right the files, and study Bland.
Indeed in youth's fantastic prime
Misled I wander'd into rhyme,
And various sonnets penn'd in plenty
On every nymph from twelve to twenty;

Compar'd to roses, pinks and lilies,
The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis ;
With all the cant you find in many
A still-born modern miscellany.
My lines—how proud was I to see 'em
Steal into Dodsley's new Museum,
Or in a letter fair and clean
Committed to the Magazine!
Our follies change—that whim is o'er—
The bagatelles amuse no more.
Know by these presents, that in fine
I quit all commerce with the Nine.
Love-strains, and all poetic matters,
Lampoons, epistles, odes, and satires,
These toys and trifles I discard,
And leave the bays to poet Ward.
Know, now to politics consign'd,
I give up all the busy mind ;
Curious each pamphlet I peruse,
And sip my coffee o'er the news.
But à propos—for last Courant,
Pray thank the lady governante.
From Aix—pho! what is't—la Chapelle,
Of treaties now the gazettes tell ;
A peace unites the jarring powers,
And every trade will thrive, but our's.
Farewell, as wrong'd Othello said,
The plumed troops, and neighing steed !
The troops ! alas ! more havoc there
A peace will make, than all the war.

What crowds of heroes in a day
Reduc'd to starve on half their pay !
From Lowendhall 'twould pity meet,
And Saxe himself might weep to see't.
Already Fancy's active pow'r
Foreruns the near-approaching hour.
Methinks, curs'd chance ! the fatal stroke
I feel, and seem already broke.
The park I saunter up and down,
Or sit upon a bench alone
Pensive and sad—*le juste portrait*
D'un pauvre capitaine réformé :
My wig, which shunn'd each ruder wind,
Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
Which John was us'd with nicest art
To comb, and teach the curls to part,
Lost the belle air and jannty pride,
Now lank depends on either side :
My hat grown white, and rusted o'er,
Once *bien trousseé* with *galon d'or* ;
My coat distain'd with dust and rain,
And all my figure quite campaign.
Tavern and coffee-house unwilling
To give me credit for a shilling :
Forbid by every scornful belle
The precincts of the gay ruelle.
My vows, though breath'd in every ear,
Not e'en a chambermaid will hear :
No silver in my purse to pay
For opera-tickets, or the play :

No message sent to bid me come
A fortnight after to a drum :
No visits or receiv'd or pay'd,
No ball, ridotto, masquerade :
All pensive, heartless and chagrine
I sit, devoted prey to spleen ;
Shabbily fine with tarnish'd lace,
And hunger pictur'd in my face.

To you, dear PRICE, indulgent Heav'n
A gentler, happier lot has giv'n ;
To you has dealt with bounteous hands
Palladian seats, and fruitful lands :
Then in my sorrows have the grace
To take some pity on my case ;
And as you know the times are hard,
Send a spruce valet with a card—
Your compliments, and beg I'd dine,
And taste your mutton and your wine ;
You'll find most punctual and observant,
Your most obliged humble servant,

C. T.

EPISTLE XX.

TO

MR. JOHN HOADLY,

AT THE TEMPLE.

Occasioned by a Translation of an Epistle of Horace. 1773.

BY THE REV. MR. STRAIGHT,

Of Magdalen College, Oxford.

TIME flies—so you and Horace sing,
From whence you many a moral bring,
To teach us how to steer our lives,
T' enjoy our bottles and our wives.

Young man, I well approve your notions,
And wholly aim at your devotions.
I hate your sour, canting rascals,
That talk of Ember-weeks and Pascals;
Black villains, who desire to wean us,
From Bacchus' pleasures, and from Venus',
To gain themselves a larger share,
And fob us off with fast and prayer :
And tell us none to Elysium go,
Who do not plague themselves below.

Can mis'ry raise the grateful heart,
Or tuneful songs of praise impart ?

The great Creator's work we view,
And trace it out by Wisdom's clue ;
Nothing is *good* but what is *true*.
With cautious and with thankful eye
We scan the great variety :
Each *good* within our reach we taste,
And call our neighbour to the feast.
Our souls do generously disown
All pleasure that's confin'd to one ;
The only rational employment
Is, to receive and give enjoyment :
To every pleasure we attend,
Not to enjoy is to offend.

But still, amidst the various crowd
Of *goods*, that call with voices loud
Our nat'ral genius, education,
Parents, companions, or our station,
Direct us to some *single choice*,
In which we chiefly must rejoice.

Pleasures are ladies—some we court
To pass away an hour in sport :
We like them all for this or that,
For silence some, and some for chat ;
For every one, as Cowley sings,
Or arrows yields, or bows, or strings.

But, after all this rambling life,
Each man must have his proper *wife*.
You know my meaning—some *one good*,
Felt, heard, or seen, or understood,
Will captivate the heart's affection,
And bring the rest into subjection.

Pray mind the tenor of my song ;
It holds together, though 'tis long.

You've made an early choice, and wise one ;
The best I know within th' horizon.
My lady *Law* is rich and handsome :
May she be worth you a king's ransom !
But I must tell you, (you'll excuse
My friendly, though plain-dealing Muse)
In her own hands is all her dower ;
There's not a groat within your power ;
And yet you're whoring with *the Nine* ;
With them you breakfast, sup, and dine,
With them you spend your days and night—
Is't fitting she should bear such slights ?
Beggarily, ballad-singing carrions,
Can they advance you to the barons ?
You've made me too an old Tom Dingle,
And I, forsooth, must try to jingle.

Your lady would not do you wrong ;
She owns you're tender yet, and young—
She'd wink at now and then a song :

But still expects to share the time,
Which now is all bestow'd on rhyme.
Read in the morning Hobbes *de Homine*,
At noon, e'en sport with your Melpomene.

Youngster, I've something more to say,
To wean you from this itch of play.
In his *Officiis* old Marc Tully,
'Mongst certain points he handles fully
(A book I ever must delight in
Far beyond all that since is written!)—
He tells us there, our parents' praise
Their childrens' virtue ought to raise:
Their worth and praise should prick us on
To labor after like renown.

Who but thy father hath been able,
Since Hercules, to cleanse a stable?
About his ears how strange a rattle!
Who ever stood so tough a battle?
H' has tam'd the most unruly cattle.—
Just two such jobs as yet remain
To be dispatch'd by You and BEN.
Your father with Herculean club
The tyrants of our souls did drub;
BEN for our bodies, you our chattels,
Must undertake the self-same battles.
The world on you have fix'd their eyes,
'Tis you must quell these tyrannies:
So shall some title, now unknown,

Bangorian-like your labors crown.
 Ravish'd, methinks, in thought I see
 The *universal liberty*.

But after all, I know what's in you :
 You'll do't a thousand to one guinea.
Time flies—the work and pleasure's great ;
 Begin, before it grows too late.
 Where the *plays* stand, the *statutes* lodge ;
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge ;
 Then, though you are not half so taper,
My Lord, you'll cut a higher caper.

EPISTLE XXI.

TO THE
REV. MR. J. STRAIGHT.

FROM
J. HOADLY.

SIR,

PROMISES are different cases
At various times, in various places.
In crowded street of Arlington,
Where slaves of hope to levées run,
A promise signifies no more,
Than in the chamber of a whore.
And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*
With *Madam* up from Yorkshire dances,
To claim the great man's promise given
Some six years since, or (some say) seven ;
No one can blame that curious writer,
That says, they'll both return the lighter.

But can we hence affirm that no miss
Of all the sex can keep a promise ?
Or say, from what our courtier speaks,
That all men's faiths are paper-cakes ?

That courts make rogues is my belief,
 As 'tis the mill that makes the thief.
 But 'cause one limb is none o' th' best,
 Shall I for that cut off the rest?

Sure it may be with safety said,
 A parson's promise, duly made
 Beneath a prelate's holy roof,
 Must stand 'gainst all assaults a proof.
 Yet he, who thinks the church unshaken,
 May find himself in time mistaken.
 I know the man, and grieve to say't,
 Who so did fail—and that was STRAIGHT.
 And can we then no more depend on
 Our good forgetful friend at Findon,
 Than on a courtier promiscuous,
 Or a whore's oath to cheat her cull?
 Can STRAIGHT no better promise keep?
 If that were true—I e'en should weep.

In Sarum's town when last we met,
 I told you 'amongst much other prate,
 That my design was to withdraw,
 And leave the craggy paths of *law* :
 And as the skilful pilot steers
 Wide of the dreadful rocks he fears,
 And in the safer ocean rides,
 Nor fears his vessel's bulging sides,
 So I from Coke's and Croke's reports,

And special pleadings of the courts,
Had veer'd about to bury dead,
And 'gainst a pulpit run my head.
Didst thou not promise then and there,
(But promises are china-ware)
Didst thou not promise, as I spoke,
That you'd ere long your Muse invoke,
And cloath'd in strong harmonious line,
Send counsel to the young divine ?
Where of thy word then is the troth,
Which I thought good as any oath ?
Or where that strong harmonious line,
Bless'd by each sister of the Nine ?

That whore we speak of i' th' beginning,
Hath some excuse to make for sinning :
Her tongue and tail are taught deceit
From her not knowing where to eat.
The courtier too hath some excuse
To think word-breaking small abuse :
And 'midst the hurry, noise, and bustle,
Of crowds, that at his levée jostle,
No man can be in such a taking
To see a little promise-breaking.

But what indulgence, what excuse,
Can plead for thee, or for thy Muse ?
For thee, on whom the sisters wait,
Pleas'd with the task impos'd by STRAIGHT ;

Whom at his christ'ning they did dip
O'er head and ears in Aganip;
For thee, at mention of whose strain
Their winged courser courts the rein,
Bounds e'en through Sussex-roads along,
Proud of the burthen of thy song?

EPISTLE XXII.

ANSWER

TO THE FOREGOING, 1731.

FROM

J. STRAIGHT.

—MY dearest boy,
Apollo's and the Prelate's joy ;
Your sharp rebuke came safe to hand,
And speedy answer does demand.
You charge me home—our conscious Muse
Would fain say something in excuse.
The promise made must be confess'd,
But here, Sir—*distinguendum est*.
A promise *broke*, and one *delay'd*,
Differ as much as light and shade.
By this distinction all your whores
And courtiers I turn out of doors,
And, by induction logical,
Prove, they affect not me at all.
But if my logic be not good,
I'll prove it from the word of God,
Which serves to clear all sorts of cases,
And wears a masquerade of faces.

When bloody-minded Jephtha swore,
If he return'd a conqueror,
He'd offer up in sacrifice
What from his house first met his eyes ;
And when his girl and only child
Hasten'd to welcome from the field
With pious joy her prosp'rous sire,
Gaily dancing to the lyre ;
The holy butcher understood
His promise's performance good,
Though for a year the virgin stray'd,
And wept her unlost maidenhead.

Thus, Sir, you see we men of letters
Can, like Jack Shepherd, cut our fetters ;
When pinch'd, we file scholastic saw,
And iron is no more than straw :
The man is thought to have no brains
Who can't break loose, or bind in chains.
Your *Sykeses* and your *Waterlands*
Have nothing else upon their hands :
They stand prepar'd with double tackle
To fix or to remove the shackle.

But, my dear boy, we'll only tye
The silken bands of amity ;
Or such as hock-tide boys and misses
With laughter bind, and harmless kisses ;
Indulge the free poetic measure,
And mimic discord for more pleasure.

But after all these long preambles,
In which our nag, at best, but ambles;
After our plea of mere delay,
Is it we think our debt to pay.
Soon then as business will permit,
We'll send you up another sheet,
Full fraught with our most learn'd advice,
In which we must be somewhat nice;
We'll rouse our thoughts, and take due time,
And trifle not in doggrel rhyme;
But boldly whip the winged steed,
And raise him to a nobler speed.

Quod dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

EPISTLE XXIII.

FROM

YORK

TO A FRIEND IN KENT.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

WITH wonted candor once again peruse
The hasty sallies of a distant muse,
Who thus from York in artless metre sends
Health and good wishes to her absent friends.
Tho' spacious moors diversify the scene,
And mountains rise, and rivers roll between,
Tho' here far off in northern climes remov'd
From those she valued, and from those she lov'd,
Yet still the same affection she retains
In distant regions, and on northern plains :
Hearts that are once in friendship's union tied
The fates may part, but never can divide ;
For fancy, uncontroul'd by distance, leads
Th' enraptur'd mind to long-forgotten meads,
(Which in her lively colors pleas'd we view,
And almost think th' ideal landscape true)
O'er hills and streams extends her boundless power,
And joins the Trent and Humber to the Stour.

But now, my friend, to fair Augusta's walks
Lo! Pleasure points the way, and Garrick calls;
To crown her favor'd son, the tragic queen
In solemn silence hovers o'er the scene,
And owns that none deserves the laurel more,
Tho' Booth obtain'd it, and tho' Roscius wore.
Here let us oft with fix'd attention wait,
And weep at Lear's distress, or Hamlet's fate:
And oft my various travels shall beguile
The winter evening, and extort a smile
From my enquiring friend, who pleas'd shall hear
What various beauties in the North appear,
What grandeur reigns in Castle-Howard's dome,
The taste of Athens, and the pride of Rome,
(Where Lely's melting colors claim our praise,
And Cromwell's frown thy touch, Vandyke, displays)
And that improves the plan which this designs;
How buildings, grottos, and cascades surprize,
And 'midst embowering trees rude Gothic temples
rise.

Fain would my muse, tho' in unequal verse,
The rugged charms of Scarborough rehearse,
Fain would she those romantic scenes impart,
Where nature triumphs undisguis'd by art;
She tries with trembling wing, but tries in vain,
Such arduous heights of fancy to attain,
And, tir'd, desists from subjects that require
A Lambert's pencil, or a Dryden's lyre.

EPISTLE XXIV.

ANSWER

FROM
CANTERBURY.

BY A FRIEND.

A Song, O Philo, from the rural shade,
Due to thy friendship, and so long unpaid,
O would the muse in lays like thine inspire,
And in my bosom wake the lingering fire,
I pray, but pray in vain, with scornful eyes
She still the tributary song denies.
O how shall I invoke a wanton maid,
Who loves to wander thro' the rural shade,
But scorns the senseless jargon of the schools,
Foe to proud science, and her frigid rules !
I whom that goddess in her chain has bound
To tread her tedious and unvaried round ;
I whose dull genius is untaught to roam
Beyond the narrow limits of her home.
Thee, thee, my friend, whom happier fate conveys
To regions worthy of immortal lays,

Thee every muse with rapture shall inspire,
And kindle in thy breast the latent fire.
Where thousand venerable domes arise,
Where Verrio's breathing canvas meets thine eyes,
Where pleas'd thou view'st how Scarborough's rugged brow

Frowns horrid o'er the darken'd floods below ;
So sings the lark high-towering to the skies,
And views hill, dale, and forest as she flies,
While the poor linnet, by some tyrant hind
To the close prison of the cage confin'd,
Forgets the sprightly wildness of her song,
The grove, the valley, and th' aerial throng.

The time shall come when to the shades retir'd,
With nature charm'd, and by the muse inspir'd,
Happy some little rural flock to tend,
Happy to boast that Philo is my friend,
I'll try once more my long-forgotten strain,
And in retirement court the tuneful train ;
There o'er each labor shall the muses smile,
And bless my evening walk and morning toil ;
Each season to my friend the song I'll give,
And he well-pleas'd each offering shall receive ;
And while with smiles he reads the artless line,
His judgment shall correct, his taste refine.

Come then, my friend, together let us tread
Once more where science lifts th' aspiring head ;

Dull goddess, from whose seat and barren plain
Fly all the nymphs, and all the sylvan train :
Yet, pleas'd even here, we'll own sweet friendship's
 power,
Smiling in converse o'er the social hour ;
Here patient o'er the dreary desert toil,
Cheer'd with the prospect of a happier soil !

EPISTLE XXV.

**FROM
SMYRNA,**

**TO HIS
SISTERS AT CRUX-EASTON.
1733.**

BY THOMAS LISLE, D. D.

THE hero who to Smyrna bay
From Easton, Hants, pursu'd his way,
Who trayers'd seas, and hills and vales,
To fright his Sisters with his tales,
Sing, heavenly Muse; for what befel
Thou saw'st, and only thou canst tell.
Say first (but one thing I premise,
I'll not be chid for telling lyes;
Besides, my grannum us'd to say
I always had a knack that way;
So, if the love of truth be in ye,
Read Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny—
But like some authors I could name,
Wrapt in myself I lose my theme.)
Say first, those very rocks we spy'd,
But left 'em on the starboard side,
Where Juno urg'd the Trojan's fate:
Shield us, ye Gods! from female hate!

Then how precarious was the doom
 Of Caesar's line, and mighty Rome,
 Snatch'd from the very jaws of ruin,
 And sav'd, poor Die, for thy undoing.
 What saw we on Sicilian ground ?
 (A soil in ancient verse renown'd.)
 The self-same spot, or Virgil ly'd,
 On which the good Anchises dy'd :
 The fields where Ceres' daughter sported,
 And where the pretty Cyclops courted.
 The nymph, hard-hearted as the rocks,
 Refus'd the monster, scorn'd his flocks,
 And took a shepherd in his stead,
 With nought but love and mirth to plead :
 An instance of a generous mind
 That does much honor to your kind,
 But in an age of fables grew,
 So possibly it mayn't be true.
 While on the summit Aetna glows,
 His shivering sides are chill'd with snows.
 Beneath, the painted landskip charms ;
 Here infant Spring in Winter's arms
 Wantons secure : in youthful pride
 Stands Summer laughing by her side ;
 Ev'n Autumn's yellow robes appear,
 And one gay scene discloses all the year.

Hence to rude Cerigo we came,
 Known once by Cytherea's name ;
 When Ocean first the goddess bore,

She rose on this distinguish'd shore.
Here first the happy Paris stopp'd,
When Helen from her lord elop'd.
With pleas'd reflection I survey'd
Each secret grott, each conscious shade;
Envy'd his choice, approv'd his flame,
And fondly wish'd my lot the same.
O were the cause reviv'd again!
For charming Queensbury liv'd not then,
The radiant fruit, had she been there,
Would scarce have fall'n to Venus' share;
Saturnia's self had wav'd her claim,
And modest Pallas blush'd for shame;
All had been right: the Phrygian swain
Had sigh'd for her, but sigh'd in vain;
The fair Oenone joy'd to find
The pains she felt repaid in kind;
No rape reveng'd, no room for strife,
Atrides might have kept his wife,
Old Troy in peace and plenty smil'd—
But the best poem had been spoil'd.

How did my heart with joy run o'er,
When to the fam'd Cecropian shore,
Wafted by gentle breezes, we
Came gliding through the smooth still sea!
While backward rov'd my busy thought
On deeds in distant ages wrought;
On tyrants gloriously withstood;
On seas distain'd with Persian blood;

On trophies rais'd o'er hills of slain
In Marathon's unrival'd plain.
Then, as around I cast my eye,
And view'd the pleasing prospect nigh,
The land for arms and arts renown'd,
Where wit was honor'd, poets crown'd;
Whose manners and whose rules refin'd
Our souls, and civiliz'd mankind;
Or (yet a loftier pitch to raise
Our wonder, and complete its praise)
The land that Plato's master bore—
How did my heart with joy run o'er!

Now coasting on the eastern side,
We peep'd where Peneus rolls his tide:
Where Arethusa came t' appease
The shepherd that had lost his bees,
And led him to Cyrene's grott;
'Tis a long tale, and matters not.
Dryden will tell you all that past;
See Virgil's Georgics, book the last.
I speak on't, but to let you know
This grott still stands in statu quo;
Of which, if any doubt remain,
I've proof, as follows, clear and plain.
Here, sisters, we such honours met!
Such honors I shall ne'er forget.
The Goddess (no uncommon case),
Proud, I suppose, to shew her place,
Or piqu'd perhaps at your renown,

Sent Boreas to invite us down ;
And he so press'd it, that we us'd
Some pains to get ourselves excus'd.
My brother shipmates, all in haste,
Declar'd, that shells were not their taste;
And I had somewhere seen, you know,
A finer grott than she could shew.

Hence let the Muse to Delos roam,
Or Nio, fam'd for Homer's tomb ;
To Naxos, known in ancient time
For Bacchus' love, for Theseus' crime,
Can she the Lesbian vine forget
Whence Horace reinforc'd his wit ?
Where the fam'd harp Arion strung,
Nor play'd more sweet than Sappho sung ?
Could the old bards revive again,
How would they mourn th' inverted scene !
Scarce with the barren waste acquainted,
They once so beautifully painted.

And here, 'twixt friends, I needs must say,
But let it go no farther, pray,
These sung-up, cry'd-up countries are
Displeasing, rugged, black, and bare ;
And all I've yet beheld or known
Serve only to endear my own.

The matters I shall next disclose,
'Tis likely, may be wrapp'd in prose ;

But verse methought would suit these better,
Besides it lengthens out my letter.
Read then, dear girls, with kind regard,
What comes so far, what comes so hard;
And to our mother too make known,
How travelling has improv'd her son.

Let not malicious critics join
Pope's homespun rhymes in rank with mine,
Form'd on that very spot of earth,
Where Homer's self receiv'd his birth;
Add, as I said, t' enhance their worth,
The pains they cost in bringing forth;
While his, as all mankind agrees,
Though wrote with care, are wrote withease.

EPISTLE XXVI.

TO
MY SISTERS

AT
CRUX-EASTON,

Written from Cairo in Egypt, August 1734.

By the Same.

WHILE you, my dear girls, in your paradise stray,
Diverting with innocent freedom the day,
I wander alone in a barbarous land,
Half bak'd by the sun, half blind by the sand.
Then your wood too and grotto so swim in my sight,
They give me no respite by day nor by night;
No sooner asleep but I'm dreaming of you;
I am just wak'd from one,—would to God it were
true.

Methought I was now a fine gentleman grown,
And had got, Lord knows how, an estate of my own.
Good-bye to plain Tom, I was rais'd a peg higher;
Some call'd me his worship, and others the squire.
'Twas a place, I remember, exactly like Easton,
A scene for an emperor's fancy to feast on.

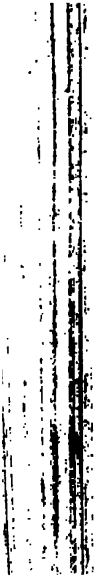
There I built a fine house with great cost and great care,

(Your la'ships have form'd many such in the air)
Not of stucco, nor brick, but as good Portland stone
As Kent would desire to be working upon.
The apartments not small, nor monstrously great,
But chiefly for use, and a little for state ;
So begilt, and becarv'd, and with ornaments grac'd,
That every one said, I'd an excellent taste.
Here I liv'd like a king, never hoarded my pelf,
Kept a coach for my sisters, a nag for myself,
With something that's good when our Highclear
friends come,

And, spite of 'squire Herbert, a fire in each room.
A canal made for profit as well as for pleasure,
That's about, let me see, two acres in measure ;
Both the eye to delight, and the table to crown,
With a jack, or a perch, when my uncles come down.
An exceeding great wood, that's been set a great
while,

In length near a league, and in breadth near a mile.
There every dear girl her bright genius displays,
In a thousand fine whimsies a thousand fine ways.
O how charming the walks to my fancy appear :
What a number of temples and grottos are here !
My soul was transported to such an extreme,
That I leap'd up in raptures,—when lo ! 'twas a
dream.

Then vexing I chid the impertinent day
For driving so sweet a delusion away.



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EPISTLE XXVII.

FROM
MARSEILLES,

TO MY
SISTERS AT CRUX-EASTON,
MAY 1735.

By the Same.

SCENE, the Study at Crux-Easton. Molly and Fanny are sitting at work ;
enter to them Harriot in a passion.

HARRIOT.

LORD ! sister, here's the butcher come,
And not one word from brother Tom ;
The punctual spark, that made his boast
He'd write by every other post !
That ever I was so absurd
To take a man upon his word !
Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much
You could expect him to keep touch :
'Tis so, my dear, with all mankind ;
When out of sight you're out of mind.
Think you he'd to his sisters write ?
Was ever girl so unpolite !
Some fair Italian stands possess'd,
And reigns sole mistress in his breast ;

To her he dedicates his time,
And fawns in prose, or sighs in rhyme.
She'll give him tokens of her love,
Perhaps not easy to remove ;
Such as will make him large amends
For loss of sisters, and of friends.

Cries Harriot, When he comes to France,
I hope in God he'll learn to dance,
And leave his aukward habits there,
I'm sure he has enough to spare.

O could he leave his faults, saith Fanny,
And bring the good alone, if any,
Poor brother Tom! he'd grow so light,
The wind might rob us of him quite!
Of habits he may well get clear ;
Ill humors are the faults I fear,
For in my life I ne'er saw yet
A creature half so passionate.
Good heav'ns! how did he rave and tear,
On my not going you know where ;
I scarcely yet have got my dread off:
I thought he'd bite my sister's head off.
'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter
About a fig, a mighty matter !
I could recount a thousand more,
But scandal's what I most abhor.

Molly, who long had patient sat,
And heard in silence all their chat,

Observing how they spoke with rancor,
Took up my cause, for which I thank her.
What eloquence was then display'd !
The charming things that Molly said,
Perhaps it suits not me to tell ;
But faith ! she spoke extremely well.
She first, with much ado, put on
A prudish face, then thus begun.

Heyday ! quoth she, you let your tongue
Run on most strangely, right or wrong.
'Tis what I never can connive at ;
Besides, consider whom you drive at ;
A person of establish'd credit,
Nobody better, though I say it.
In all that's good, so tried and known,
Why, Girls, he's quite a proverb grown,
His worth no mortal dares dispute :
Then he's your Brother too to boot.

At this she made a moment's pause,
Then with a sigh resum'd the cause.
Alas ! my dears, you little know
A sailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe ;
Perhaps this very hour he strays
A lonely wretch through desert ways ;
Or shipwreck'd on a foreign strand,
He falls beneath some ruffian's hand :
Or on the naked rock he lies,
And pinch'd by famine wastes and dies.

Can you this hated Brother see
Floating, the sport of wind and sea ?
Can you his feeble accents hear,
Though but in thought, nor drop a tear ?
He faintly strives, his hopes are fled,
The billows booming o'er his head ;
He mounts upon the waves again,
He calls on us, but calls in vain ;
To death preserves his friendship true,
And mutters out a kind adieu.
See now he rises to our sight,
Now sinks in everlasting night.

Here Fanny's color rose and fell,
And Harriot's throat began to swell :
One sidled to the window quite,
Pretending some unusual sight,
The other left the room outright ;
While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,
To think how artfully she feign'd.

EPISTLE XXVIII.

FROM
FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

TO
HIS WIFE.

A
JOURNEY TO DONCASTER;
OR, A CURIOUS JOURNAL OF FIVE DAYS,

Wrote with a Pencil in a Chaise.

DEAR ANNE,

IN prose I've wrote you many a journal
Of travels, which I hope you'll burn all,
And now for once I write in rhyme
To tell you how I spend my time,
And what adventures may ensue
While I am hasting down to you.

On Sep. the second day I went
To London from my house in Kent ;
And, as good luck would have it, found
A friend for shire of Ebor bound :
It proving temperate, pleasant weather,
We soon agreed to go together,

And for our ease, o'er turnpike-ways,
To travel down in my post-chaise.
By learned men it is agreed,
Poets should ride the winged steed ;
And therefore, thus says Betty Martin,
" Thou art no poet, that's most certain."
Thro' Kentish-town, up Highgate-hill,
Our horses move—against their will ;
And, while they snuff the wholesome wind,
We cast a parting look behind,
Pleas'd t' have left yon sable cloud,
That buries millions in its shroud ;
Alas! they toil, the sons of care!
And never breathe the purer air.

Thy common, Finchley, next we measure,
Whose woodland views would give us pleasure,
But that they many a wretch exhibit,
Too near the high road, on a gibbet ;
Hence men may guess, without much skill,
Here have been rogues—and may be still.
High Barnet pass'd, we reach the plain,
Where Warwick, haughty earl, was slain ;
So perish all, as Warwick fell,
Who 'gainst their lawful liege rebel
Ah! passing strange, that one sweet flower
Should kindle all the rage of power!
Yet England oft has wail'd her woes,
And wept the colors of the rose.

With hungry appetites we hie on,
 Where Hatfield shows the Silver Lion ;
 But, lo ! nice steaks from rump of beef
 Will soon afford us kind relief ;
 Of good old Port we drink a quart,
 Discharge our reckoning, and depart,
 Thro' sandy lanes, and deep defiles,
 Where ray of Phoebus never smiles,
 (Save on that beam-illumin'd dwelling,
 Where Young delights the Muse at Welling)
 We march as gently as we can,
 And reach at Stevenage the Swan :
 A well-fed pullet, roasted nice,
 And of high-season'd ham a slice,
 Of suppers could not prove the worst—
 Warm negus gratified our thirst :
 At ten the welcome down we prest,
 And wooed the kindly Power of rest.—

With early dawn we mount the chaise,
 And Phoebus smiles in friendly rays :
 O'er finest turnpike-road we bowl,
 The wheels, the numbers gently roll,
 Speed swift to Baldock down the hill,
 Where liv'd sweet Pölly of the Mill,
 But now the lovely Polly's gone,
 Rival of Venus !—so drive on.
 Thro' villages, o'er plains we ride,
 Where Ouze conducts his silver tide ;
 So slow his winding waters stray,

He seems to linger on his way,
As loth to leave the pleasing scene
Of woods, corn-fields, and pastures green :
Thus man, low-grovvelling, like the river,
Would loiter in this life for ever ;
So beautiful these scenes appear,
He thinks it better to be here,
Than try that country, from whose bourn
No pale-eyed travellers return.
At Eaton next, by twelve-a-clock,
We bait our horses at the Cock :
Then leave awhile the public road,
To take with friends a night's abode :
This visit comes in due succession,
And therefore deem it no digression.
Thence cross corn-fields our way explore,
Where chariots never went before ;
Thro' rushy swamps, and bogs we past,
And came to Beggary at last :
Even then we did not know our doom,
For worse misfortunes were to come :
Fain would we thro' the pastures ride ;
Our entrance gates and locks denied :
Thro' that deep lane, where many a slough
Would spoil a horse, or hide a cow,
Pass on we must, if we intend
To pay our visit to a friend :
True friendship has a bias strong,
It drove us thro' the mire along,
O'er banks and ridges, till, at last,

It fairly set the carriage fast—
What's to be done?—with might and main
We haul'd it on the land again :
At length, with fear and wild amaze,
We crawl'd thro' safely with the chaise ;
Now on the precipice's edge,
Now bounc'd against a quickset hedge,
And, by a wondrous kind of fate,
By four arriv'd at Pointer's gate ;
Whose entertainment, neat and kind,
Soon put these dangers out of mind :
With social friends we past the day,
And gaily laugh'd our cares away——

At six we march, but first provide,
To shun bad roads, a faithful guide ;
And shortly, o'er the rising steep,
We saw the spire of Bugden peep :
At breakfast near an hour we waste,
'Twas coffee, grateful to the taste,
With dulcet cream, and nut-brown toast ;
Then bid a Valeas to our host.
O'er level roads we drive amain,
Roads as the well-roll'd terrace plain,
And soon reach Stilton safe and well—
We chose the inn that bears the Bell.
On mutton, charming food! we dine,
And cheer our hearts with generous wine ;
But long, alas! we must not stay——
Life flies with rapid wing away ;

'Tis but a march that we must make ;
'Tis but a journey we must take :
Here we can fix no firm abode,
Nor loiter long upon the road ;
But must, with vigilance, attend
Still to our journey, and its end.
At Stamford next, with spirits light,
The Bull receives us for the night ;
Smelts and a rabbet was our food ;
The bill was cheap, the wine was good.
Our wheels next morning early sound
O'er rough, thro' truly Roman ground ;
Th' immense Vestigia, still compleat,
Prove that the Romans once were great :
By ten, at Grantham we admire
The noble church, the lofty spire ;
Sarum's alone is two feet higher.
Here, what before I ne'er had seen,
I saw fair Venus, Beauty's Queen ;
Sweetly she smil'd with graceful look,
In shape of Lady Mary Coke.
Our breakfast done, in haste we went
To Newark on the banks of Trent ;
There staid a little to regale
On cold roast-beef and humming ale.
Thence thro' a tedious, sandy way
We labor'd, and at Carlton lay :
With friends we drain'd the cheerful bowl,
And supt on mutton and broil'd fowl,
And eels that gave us much content,

Delicious eels—the eels of Trent.
Next morn thro' wretched roads we steer,
Yet pay at turnpikes devilish dear:
The purple heath we travers'd o'er,
And stopt at Barnby on the Moor;
Thence into honest Yorkshire ventur'd,
Which first we at fair Bawtry enter'd:
By three to Doncaster we came,
A town polite of ancient fame,
There will the Muse awhile unbend,
And there this tedious journal end,
Wrote, dearest Anne, at your commands,
And now it flies to kiss your hands.

SEPT. 6, 1759.

EPISTLE XXIX.

**TO THE
COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,**

[Afterwards Duchess of Somerset.]

AT PERCY LODGE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIV.

BY JOHN DALTON, D. D.

**You ask me, Madam, if the Muse
From Colebrook still my steps pursues :
Take then (but first your patience lend)
Her story thus from end to end.**

**She that at Bath so debonair
Sung gallant Damon and his Fair,
To beauteous Townsend tun'd her lyre,
And did, at Pelham's sight, inspire
Strains, that her Lincoln's self forgives
(You see the daring poet lives !)**

**She that at Percy-Lodge so late
From morn to night was us'd to prate,
Almost impertinent and rude,
Unbidden would herself intrude**

With tale, and epigram, and song,
To waft the cheerful hours along ;
Whilst I, o'erjoy'd myself to view
Alive, and with my Lord and You,
Not once could check her merry vein,
Her unpremeditated strain,
And did, from heedless joy, neglect
To greatness every grave respect ;
This Muse, I say, inconstant grown,
Forsook me, when I came to town ;
Friend to my fortune, she withdrew,
When I left Percy-Lodge and You.

Since then, in vain I ask her aid,
In vain her cruelty upbraid ;
The town, she says, was ne'er her choice ;
If there she tries to raise her voice,
Her strains are to their theme unjust,
Or drown'd in noise, or choak'd with dust.

Her plea is good. The Muse's theme,
Like the pure, bright, harmonious stream,
Ne'er but in rural channels flows ;
Cities and bards are endless foes.

Resolv'd Parnassus' top to climb,
And there to build the lofty rhyme,
I to fam'd Claremont's height aspire,
To borrow thence poetic fire,
To waft, like Cooper's-Hill, its name

On wing's of everlasting fame ;
Or, (if that bold attempt be vain)
Your partial ear to entertain.

I mount my chaise, the space between,
Fancy anticipates the scene,
And Vanity, officious maid,
Thus offers her self-pleasing aid ;
' Poor Vanbrugh's plan is out of date,
' And Garth but saw its rising state,
' His verse with tuneful fable rung,
' But left its real charms unsung ;
' But now, to my transported eyes,
' In full maturity will rise
' The bowers, the temples, and the groves,
' That Kent has plann'd, and Pelham loves.'

At length, awaken'd from my dream,
My eyes behold the real theme,
And the gay sketch, that fancy drew,
They find more amiably true.

On a neat structure now they rest,
Where rural plainness is exprest,
With harvests stor'd, compact, and warm,
And, tho' Palladian, yet a farm,
Whence cars, in rustic order drawn,
Pass and repass the sloping lawn,
While flocks, in fleecy groups around,
Or, moving, crop the daisy'd ground,

Or, sunk beneath the tufted trees,
 Turn, languid, to the noontide breeze.
 The lustier herds, in glare of day,
 Bask, and imbibe the sunny ray.

While these I view, on humid wings
 The sultry south a tempest brings,
 Black clouds invest the low'ring skies,
 And all the beauteous vision flies.
 Now from the thick-descending rain
 I drive across the darken'd plain,
 And leave the lovely scene behind,
 That just began to charm my mind.

How rare does pleasure stand the test!
 With patience now I arm my breast,
 And, in a moralizing vein,
 With thoughts like these my grief restrain :
 " The skies are clear, when storms are o'er,
 " Again smooth waves salute the shore,
 " Each sun but sets to rise again,
 " And gild with morn the dewy plain ;
 " This hour, perhaps, hope cheats the mind,
 " The next, an equal joy we find."

Just so ; the house a shelter lends,
 Within I find the best of friends,
 Spence, whose soft bosom oft has known
 To make another's woe her own ;
 She now, with hospitable grace,

Compassionates my present case,
Asks of your health, and hears with joy,
How You your growing strength employ
In rural cares and exercise ;
And kind congratulations rise,
When on my favorite theme I dwell,
And Beauchamp's rising virtues tell.
Fondly the vanity I share,
And recollect my pleasing care,
That, with parental aid combin'd,
Founded the structure of his mind :
So boastful builders call their own
Works, where they laid the first rude stone.

The storm subsides, the mount I gain,
Thence dart my eyes across the plain.
Full swelling to the sight, I found
First holy Paul's majestic round,
Thro' wide Augusta's smoak ; and now
Rose lofty Windsor's tow' red brow ;
Here glitter streams of vulgar names,
There slowly winds imperial Thames,
On his green banks, in level line,
Here spacious Hampton's turrets shine,
Whose windows kindling at the ray
Of Sol, beam back redoubled day ;
Towns, villages, and pointed spires,
And smoak thick-wreath'd from cottage-fires,
And planted villas, intervene,
To grace the sweetly-vary'd scene.

O'er all my eyes transported range,
 With every glance the visions change,
 Till, drawn by beauties nearer home,
 Along the lovely park I roam,
 Now skim the walk, descend the glade,
 Then plunge into the deepest shade.
 Here flourish sweets in mingled bloom,
 There (worthy ancient Greece or Rome)
 Fair temples, opening to the sight,
 Surprise each turn with new delight :
 In pleasure lost, I wish to gaze
 At once a thousand different ways,
 Awful or pleasing, every part
 Expands the soul, or glads the heart,
 Great, open, liberal, unconfin'd,
 Just emblem of its master's mind,
 Who knows unequall'd state to shew,
 Yet, gracious, stoops to all below.

Beneath a hill, whose hoary brow
 Ne'er felt the wound of scythe or plow,
 (Along whose wild and heathy side
 Britannia's naval heroes ride,
 When they, with colors wide display'd,
 That proud Iberia's sons upbraid,
 In tawny troop, from India's shore,
 Guard in rough pomp their captive ore)
 Mid circling waters lies an isle,
 Whose verdant shores reflected smile
 With Flora's painted hues ; above,

Soft-bosom'd in a shady grove,
A dome, but half reveal'd to sight,
Chequers the boughs with Parian white.

If chance from hence at evening fair
The rising song soft steals on air,
Which to the well-according strings
The skilful voice sweet warbling sings,
The passing swain suspended stands,
And, wondering, lifts to heaven his hands,
Doubts if beneath some leafy spray
Soft Philomela pours her lay,
Or some blest spirit from above
Enchants with harmony the grove;
Nor guesses that the tuneful art,
Which awes and charms his simple heart,
Is Her's, whose bounty loves to bless
Sad sickening want, and lone distress,
And Her's the sweet enchanting song,
To whom the listening groves belong,
And all, that Her Newcastle's art
In boundless fondness can impart,
Each level walk, each shelving glade,
Whate'er employs the laborer's spade,
Whate'er rewards his patient toil,
And makes the barren desert smile.

This isle in tempting prospect stands,
Thither I stretch my eyes and hands,
Eager the farther shore to gain,
But stretch my hands and eyes in vain.

For hark ! the threat'ning winds arise,
Again with clouds obscure the skies,
And tell my baffled hopes, that this
Is an enchanted isle of bliss,
Now in near prospect blooming fair,
And now involv'd in black despair !

My chaise regain'd, I cross the plain,
When lo ! the sun beams forth again.
Hope, gay impostor, points the way,
Where, near the road, fair Esher lay ;
And who at Esher would not stay ?
I turn'd. Retiring from the town,
The noble Owner just came down.
I saw the gate behind him close,
Then murmur'd at this short repose
From cares for Britain's safety shewn,
Grudg'd his repose, who guards my own !

I now pursue my former way,
And with my journey ends this day
Of hope, and fear, and pain, and pleasure,
Of all my other days the measure !

Your's a more even tenor know,
And scarce perceive an ebb or flow.
The cause is plain. To fortune's gale
You, cautious, never spread a sail ;
Safe in your port, content at home,
You ne'er for painful pleasure roam,

And think it folly, if not sin,
One night to sojourn at an inn.
Nay, when the Atlas of our state
Throws off for You a nation's weight,
In courtly terms your ear to greet,
And cast himself beneath your feet,
You (like Egeria) in your grott
Or seek he must, or finds You not.
More cautious still, e'en when retir'd,
By wits nor censur'd, nor admir'd,
You say, (tho' every art your friend)
You dare to no one art pretend.
Your fear is just. Each state and nation
Assigns to woman reputation,
While man asserts his wider claim,
Jealous proprietor of fame.

Yet sure, without offence, You may
On nature's open leaf display
Your harmless unambitious skill,
To sink a grott, or slope a hill,
A dell with flowers adorn, or lead
A winding rill along the mead,
Or bid opposing trees be join'd,
In hospitable league intwin'd,
Without their leave, whose madness dares
Rouze human states to cruel wars;
Or, if the Bourbon of the air
Against your feather'd folk declare
Fell war, betake you to th' alliance

Of net or gun, and bid defiance
To every robber, small or great,
That would disturb your calm retreat.

O may kind heaven propitious smile
On every art that can beguile
A Son's long absence from your sight,
And render back that just delight!
From those distracting dire alarms,
That set a jarring world in arms,
From tainted air's infectious breath,
Where flies unseen the dart of death,
His steps, ye Guardian Angels, guide,
And turn the fatal shaft aside!
Return'd, his parent's bliss to crown,
And make, all earth can give, their own,
Like Smithson's, may his manly heart
Act not the vain, but generous part,
Call drooping art from her recess,
With health, and ease, and fame to bless!

O may, like his, His riper age
With caution tread the civil stage,
Like him, th' enchanted cup put by,
And every vain temptation fly,
Of power, or pension, place, or name,
If meant state-traps, that sink to shame;
Yet his just Prince, without a bribe,
Love—more than all the venal tribe!

EPISTLES FAMILIAR, &c. *Epist. XXIX.*

at from these themes I now refrain,
serv'd to grace a future strain.
I have tresspas'd on your time,
I see a tedious length of rhyme.
What must it then appear to you?
Respectful most this short adieu.

EPISTLE XXX.

TO

MISS A. W.

[A very Young Lady.]

BY JOHN WHALEY, M. A.

I WOULD tell thee, thou art fair ;
But the pleasing tale, I fear,
Might deceive thy tender ear,
Make thee fancy beauty more
Than thou'lt find the faithless store ;
Faithless as the dream of night,
Flitting with returning light ;
Just as sure as Summer seas,
When behind th' inviting breeze
Storms and thunders loitering wait,
Soon to give the wretch his fate.

Let the Muse then send her song
To thy mind, thy mind yet young,
Yet as pure and free from stain
As the snow driven o'er the plain :
But how nice th' instructive lay !
Yet the Muse has bid me say,
Thou hast ask'd, and she'll obey.

Gentle Maid, to whose kind heart
Friendly Nature doth impart
(Choicest of the gifts she brings)
Soft good temper, first of things ;
May that temper be thy guide,
May she still with thee reside,
Free from passion, free from pride ;
Pride that aims the deadliest dart
At the growing Virgin's heart !
Once its poison enter'd there,
Nought can cure the wounded Fair,
Pride like Venus does not move,
Graces at her side, and Love ;
But the fierce Desire of Power,
And dull Ignorance, march before ;
Affectation, Vanity,
Saucy Sneer and Calumny,
Cruelty and high Disdain,
Form her virtue-killing train.
Shun then Flattery's tainting breath,
Self-opinion shun like Death.

Next, my Fair, with curious quest,
Search the garden of thy breast,
Underneath th' enliven'd clay,
'Midst the streams that through it stray,
Clay as fine as Nature makes,
Streams yet cool in vestal lakes ;
Search, I say, with nicest heed,
And, if found, destroy the weed ;



Fruitless, baneful, and unkind,
 (Fond yet of the female mind)
 If base Avarice you spy,
 Pluck it forth, and bid it die ;
 See ! thy parents praise the deed,
 Loathing the pernicious weed,
 And with pleasure bid thee tread
 On the snow-cold poison's head.

The observing Muse believe,
 Nothing can your bliss deceive,
 If in noble scorn you hold
 Thirst of power, and love of gold.
 Quell'd these passions, thou shalt find
 Virtue easy, soft, and kind.
 These two dangers canst thou shun,
 More than half Life's task is done.
 When thy breast thus clear'd you see,
 When the soil from weeds is free,
 When no more the thistle grows,
 Nor the thorn surrounds the rose,
 Thou shalt then employ thy hours,
 Gathering sweets, and culling flowers.
 All that Virtue has to give
 Thou shalt to thy breast receive.
 Under thy commanding eye,
 White rob'd Purity shall lie ;
 And thy altering cheek her throne
 Rose-red Modesty shall own ;
 Still at thy extended hand
 Glowing Charity shall stand ;

And upon thy lips shall dwell
Truths as pure as Angels tell.

Thus my fair one, may you shine,
Till some youth, by fate divine,
Scorn'd the light fantastic crew,
Rests his happiness on you;
And you pour into his breast
Joys like what thy sire confest,
When in Hymen's happy band
He receiv'd Eliza's hand.

EPISTLE XXXI.

TO
A YOUNG LADY.

BY
THE REV. MR. P.

OH, born to bless some youth unknown,
FANNY, thy beauties all will own ;
Yet all who know you will confess
Your beauty than your merit less.
One who deserves you, would you choose ?
Accept this offering of my Muse :
She paints—ah, hardly paints from life,—
Him, who alone should call you wife,
That dear, dear name in which are join'd
All that can charm or sooth the mind.

Let me, my Fair, direct your choice,
For that alone is my advice.
Rules for behaviour I'll not give,
Those from an abler hand receive,
For them to Lyttleton attend,
He, tho' a poet, is a friend,

And trust me, I, my gentle dame,
Although no poet, am the same.

Would you be happy?—Yes, you wou'd :
Then let the favor'd youth be good,
Else every tender thought remove,
Where there's no virtue, far be love,
But where bright glows that heavenly flame,
Virtue and love become the same.
Scorning the pert, the dull, the vain,
The wretch who thirsts for sordid gain,
Let fair sincerity and truth
Adorn thine only-favor'd youth,
To these humility be join'd,
That fairest virtue of the mind.

Mark well his looks : let them impart
The genuine fondness of the heart,
That ever in the looks appears
A fondness form'd of hopes and fears.

Mark his behaviour : love inspires
Respectful awe amidst its fires,
His trembling hand to yours when join'd,
Speaks the soft awe that fills his mind,
His words, his actions should proclaim
A pure, a true, and real flame.

Be sure let cheerfulness divine
Inspire the heart that's made for thine,



For that, when join'd with manly sense,
Pleasures perpetual will dispense.

These virtues let us now unite
To place them in the fairest light,
And see how lovely they'll appear :—
He must be good, must be sincere,
Be true, be humble, and his love
Be pure as virtue may approve,
Respectful fondness must he show,
And round him cheerfulness must throw
Her pleasing light, her beams divine,
To make his virtues brighter shine.

Thus have I drawn th' ideal man
That may deserve deserving FAN.
And know you none whom this is like ?
None where resemblance strong may strike ?
Or is there this distinguish'd one ?——
Be he or not as yet unknown,
Have him, my lovely Maid, or none.

On foreign or on English ground
If this deserving youth be found,
In whom these merits all combine,
Bring him to me to make him thine :
I'll exercise my magic powers,
And date from thence your happiest hours.

But if, rejecting my advice,
As fancy's form, and over-nice,

To one unlike you'll give your charms,
And take th' unworthy to your arms,
Trust me, my office I'll decline;
The hateful deed shall ne'er be mine,
Merit, with all its charms, to give
Where there's no merit to receive.

EPISTLE XXXII.

TO
A LADY,

[GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA.]

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

VENUS, most histories agree,
Sprung from the ferment of the sea ;
Yet I confess I'm always loth
To think such beauty was but froth,
Or that the ocean, which more odd is,
Should from a bubble spawn a Goddess :
Though hence, my Laura, leaſned fellows
Of ſuch its wonderous powers ſtill tell us,
That every mother brings her daughter
To dip in this ſpecific water,
Expecting from the briny wave
Charms which it once to Venus gave.

 These charms, my Laura, ſtrive to gain;
And, that you may not bathe in vain,
I'll here, as well as I am able,
Give you a Moral to this Fable.

Would you a Goddess reign o'er all ?
From the wide flood its virtues call.
Free from each stain thy bosom keep,
Clear be it as this azure deep,
Which no capricious passion knows,
But duly ebbs, and duly flows ;
Though sometimes ruffled, calm'd as soon,
Still constant to its faithful moon,
At whose approach with pride it swells,
And to each shore its chaste love tells ;
Heedless of every change of weather,
That wafts a straw, or coxcomb feather,
Which only on the surface play,
And unobserv'd are wash'd away.

Reflect, that, lodged within its breast,
The modest pearl delights to rest,
While every gem to Neptune known
Is there with partial bounty sown.—
In years, thus ever may we trace
Each sparkling charm, each blushing grace ;
To these let judgment value give,
And in that seat of Beauty live !

This Moral keep before your eyes,
Plunge—and a new-born Venus rise.

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EPISTLE XXXIII.

TO

The Most Honorable

THE MARCHIONESS GREY;

Sent with Phoebe, a Pastoral Opera.

BY JOHN HOADLY, L.L.D.

MADAM,

FROM polish'd circles of the fair,
From gilded domes and tainted air,
Where Pleasure's toilsome, Silence loud,
Retirement but from crowd to crowd;
Where Love but drives a trade at best
(An alley-broker He profess'd,)
Not giving corresponding hearts,
But chaffering with his golden darts;
Where innocence the world amazes,
Her face scarce known in public places:
But choosing—still at home—to share
One corner of St. James's Square—
Far hence permit the simple swain
To lead thee to the guiltless plain,

Where Phoebe, innocent and gay,
Dares with the dangerous passion play :
And Celia, uninstructed maid,
Stoops her pure cause herself to plead.

Nor scornfully wilt thou disdain
The shepherd's pastime, pure though plain.
Thou (whose well-cultivated mind,
Nor for enjoyment too refin'd,
Nor others' woes to feel too wise,
Knows all but Nature to despise)
Serene shalt teach the madding train,
False pleasure is but real pain ;
Superior to her Siren-song,
Prudent thou glid'st the stream along,
Not careless of the baits of youth,
But steady to the pilot, Truth.
With her upon the helm advanc'd,
In purer joys thou sitt'st intranc'd,
And seest with pity and amaze
The voluntary herds, that graze
Th' enchanted shores of Circe's isle,
Transform'd so foully by her smile.

Lady, from all their painted pride,
Come, let the Shepherd be thy guide :
He 'll lead thee to the fountain's brink,
Where all the Sylvan Muses drink ;
Whose spotless and translucent face

Heaven reflects with Heaven's own grace,
And pure at once, and yet refin'd,
Presents a mirror to the mind.
He'll lead thee (go with him along)
Where Greene's sweet Muse attunes her song,
And plays her not unusual part,
Mixing simplicity with art.
Thy Genius shall according move,
And, self-approving, her approve.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

TO THE
REV. KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD,
D. D.

ON HIS HAVING THE GOUT.

BY — *WALDREN, M. D.*

'Tis no hard matter to divine
How I, who love a wench and wine,
And all the studied luxuries
That Lamb or Locket can devise,
Should have the gout, and penance do
With foot on chair in velvet shoe.
But how a man predicamental-
ly sober, and near transcendental;
That ne'er was known to be a glutton,
Beyond a penny chop of mutton,
And can't tell what sixth sense, or whore is,
And Goody is his only Chloris:
How such a one should have intestine
Saline, and acid so infesting,
Is strange to me, and as obscure
A riddle almost as the cure.

The learned Sydenham does not doubt
But profound thought will bring the gout,
And that with bum on couch we lie,
Because our reason's soar'd too high ;
As cannons, when they mount vast pitches,
Are tumbled back upon their breaches.

Indeed I 'm apt to think in you
Th' hypothesis is very true :
For your investigating skull
So *ot* and *dot* full,
That, hunting things through common-places,
Y' are lost in *entelechian* mazes :
And as when to an house we come
To know if any one 's at home,
We knock ; so one must kick your shin,
Ere he can find your soul's within.
Your brains (if any) sure would work well
Upon the quadrature o' th' circle :
But, if you'll have your foot no more in
Flannel, you must leave off your poring.
Be blithe and merry still as a grig,
Mirth is the best Antipodagrig ;
The gout's enrag'd by care and sadness,
The best cure for 't is the oil of gladness.

EPISTLE XXXV.

THE SPLEEN.

TO

MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

BY MR. MATTHEW GREEN,

Of the Custom-House.

**THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend ;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense ;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.**

**The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapor'd Muse ;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.**

**The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within ;**

Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove meer suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene;
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, 'till Fortune thrw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood;
But after no field-honors itch,

Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound,
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view ;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen ;
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;
And kitten, if the humor hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.

Witlings, brisk foels, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence ;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.

The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humor, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise :
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy, by pitying woe ;
There, gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;

Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humor'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums ;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene ;
Pain, hell ; and purgatory, spleen,

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,

And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honor loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form'd with sound, when pleas'd to sing :
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss ;

By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp,
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with Satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face,
Love's mercy seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;
Again fires long- xtinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congeal'd liquefies !
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least !
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart ;
Of every folly-fost'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown :
Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,

Nor Pain's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away :
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease :
A gypsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verd'rets every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;

And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive

From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in shew-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honor band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place ;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But to avoid religious jars
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,

To Mecca with the Caravan.
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;
To mend the world 's a vast design :
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labor'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend :
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeat
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Christian should be for,

Yet such as owe the law their care,
We find employ'd as engineers :
This view my forward zeal no shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws,
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought;
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring skill'd in logic war,

Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and color at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on aether in the park ;
Whoe'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news ;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest,
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit :

Who, though short-winded, still will aim
 To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
 Who still on Phoebus' smiles will doat,
 Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
 I bless my stars, I never knew
 Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
 And have from old experience been
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.
 These subjects of Apollo's state,
 Who from false fire derive their fate,
 With airy purchases undone
 Of lands, which none lend money on,
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
 Their fancies first delirious grew,
 And scenes ideal took for true.
 Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
 And with false prospects cheats their eyes ;
 The fabled gods the Poets sing,
 A season of perpetual spring,
 Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
 Affording sweets and similes,
 Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
 And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
 Apollo's harp with airs divine,
 The sacred music of the Nine,
 Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
 And for a vacant niche proud aim,
 Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
 What Fancy's sketching power can do.

They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelations shew,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phoebus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain ;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On Poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholst'ers in a trice
On gems and painting set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends.

Whose easy vamping talent lies,
 First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
 Thus some devoid of art and skill
 To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
 Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
 By genius doom'd to stay below,
 For their own digging shew the town
 Wit's treasure brought by others down.
 Some wanting, if they find a mine,
 An artist's judgment to refine,
 On fame precipitately fix'd,
 The ore with baser metals mix'd
 Melt down, impatient of delay,
 And call the vicious mass a play.
 All these engage to serve their ends,
 A band select of trusty friends,
 Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Psapho taught his birds to sing;
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit :
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 A judgment in its favor ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures merciful and mild
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;
 In bulrush ark the pantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a Youth that you may see
Who needs no leading strings in rhyme,
Whose quick sublimity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain;
Dreaming of white depending dew,
I heard Melpomene decree,
This, this is he, that you should see
Should emulate our Greeks of old;
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and wakes the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies rise in his page;
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian power's expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Arise, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,

This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye :
Like aspine shake the restless leaves,
And Sodòm-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsly-envy'd scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,
And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, Goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire :
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find ;
They both disdain in outward mien

The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose ;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithe some Goddess soothes my care,
I feel the Deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece ;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.

May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet ;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds ;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid :
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,

While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind,
Here Dryads, scorning Phoebus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green ;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And silver-streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser Nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills,

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,

And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,

Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems ;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light ;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's meer hear-say evidence ?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
Sinee optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain.
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew.

Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul ;
Preferring sense, from chins that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Eps! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw :
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colors faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit ?
Where can, what has no outline, fit ?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Sirens caught,
On quicksands swallow'd shipwreck'd thought ;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
To him my past and present state

I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters, I can never know ;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last.
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;

At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid ;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

END OF
EPISTLES FAMILIAR AND HUMOROUS.



11

NOTES

ON

EPISTLES

FAMILIAR AND HUMOROUS.

EPISTLE I.

Page 1. THIS Epistle was written in 1735. The noble Lord whom Mr. Jenyns addressed, died the year after, and by his death the title became extinct.

6. *A fart that weighs not half a grain.*] See Boyle's Experiments.

EPISTLE II.

Page 9. The Nobleman here addressed was the late Earl of Bathurst, one of the twelve peers created by Queen Anne. His Lordship was celebrated both for his taste and talents, and retained his vivacity to the last. He died in 1775, in the 94th year of his age.

EPISTLE III.

Page. 13. Sir George Etherege was born before the middle of the last century, and educated at Cambridge. He afterwards travelled into Flanders and France, and on his return applied to the law. Dis-

gusted, however, at the severe application it required, he renounced the profession, for the sake of politer studies. Having married a lady of considerable fortune (who made it a prerequisite to their union, that he should obtain the honor of knighthood), he grew into favor at court, and by the interest of the Queen was sent envoy to Hamburgh. After the secession of James, he adhered to his cause; and died either in France, or at Ratisbon, in consequence of inebrity.—He wrote three comedies, and several poems.

The nobleman to whom this Epistle was written, was Charles, second Earl of that title, and Secretary of State for Scotland, from 1684 to the Revolution. He was attainted by the Scottish Parliament in 1695, and embarked in the French armament, defeated by Admiral Byng, when meditating a descent in Scotland 1708.—Sir William Temple spoke of him to Swift, as “a very valuable man, and a good scholar.”

EPISTLE IV.

Page 17. Sir John Dolben, Bart. of Finedon, in Northamptonshire, D. D. and prebendary of Durham, married Elizabeth, daughter of William, the fifth Lord Digby, and died in 1756, aged 73.

Antony Aslop, the writer of this letter, was elected from Westminster to Christ-Church, Oxford; and having acquired considerable reputation as a Tutor in that university (where he took his degree of batchelor of divinity) he attracted the notice of Sir Jonathan Trelawny whilst bishop of Winchester; was appoint-

ed his chaplain, and received from him a prebendal stall in his own church, with the rectory of Brightwell in Berkshire. Here, Mr. Alsop, notwithstanding the solicitations of his friends, sequestered himself for the rest of his life; which was terminated in 1726, by a fall into a ditch from a narrow path, leading to his garden door.

EPISTLE V.

Page 21. After having observed that this Invitation was written in allusion to the 5th Epistle of the First Book of Horace, by the celebrated translator of Virgil, no further information of the author will be asked.

ibid. ————*master King* ;] Was the Blandford carrier.

22. ————*Eastbery* ————] Was the seat of Mr. Doddington.

EPISTLE VI.

Page. 23. Written (as is presumed) by John Pitt, Esq. brother to the poet.

24. ————*the sooty Mintrem's hopeful heir*] Mr. Pitt's servant, son of a blacksmith.

ibid. ————*Ead* ————] Another of Mr. Pitt's servants.

ibid. ————*the fair?*] Blandford fair: two miles from Pimpern, where Mr. Pitt was born, was rector, and died.

EPISTLE VII.

Page 15. Mr. Fawkes was born in Yorkshire, and removed from the school at Leeds to Jesus College, Cambridge; where he took his master's degree. He was patronized by Archbishop Herring, who collated him to the vicarage of Orpington with St. Mary Cray, in Kent; which he afterwards exchanged for Hayes. He wrote a variety of poems; and translated the works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus and Musæus, which were published together in 1760; Theocritus, in 1767; and Apollonius Rhodius, printed in 1780. He died 26th August, 1777.

26. *Your wife will bring fair Innocence—*] The *Innocence* here mentioned was a very agreeable young lady, so named.

EPISTLE VIII.

Page 28. ——— *the works of Kent.*] William Kent, who was both a painter and architect, as well as the parent of modern gardening.

ibid. *Poor with all a HEATHCOTE's store.*] Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Knt. and Bart. Alderman of London, and Father of the City, was supposed the most opulent Commoner in the kingdom.

EPISTLE IX.

Page 30. Mr. Browne was born at Burton-upon-Trent, and went when under seventeen, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Being designed for the bar,

after taking a master's degree, he removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he acquired much professional knowledge; but, as his fortune was ample, he, long before his death, relinquished the practice. His son, who published a volume of his poems, is understood to have more in manuscript.

EPISTLE XIV.

Page 44. *First, Phoebe gave the luckless hint ;
Now your Epistles flare in print :*] "*Verses on Phoebe,*" and "*Epistles on Design and Beauty,*" printed in his works.

46. ——— *Heidegger* ———] Director of Masquerades.

47. *Peter* ——— *Chartres* ——— *Oldfield.*] Walter Peter satirized by Pope, and Colonel Chartres by Arbuthnot. Oldfield was a notorious miser.

47. *Yet still an awkward dirty Pig.*]

Epicuri de grege porcus

EPISTLE XV.

Page 49. Sir William Yonge, baronet and knight of the Bath, was chosen to represent the borough of Honiton, in the first parliament of George the First, and continued in the House of Commons to the time of his death. He was the fast friend of Sir Robert Walpole, and a ready speaker on every occasion. To his uncommon fluency in debate, he was indebted for the best offices in the state. He assisted Roome

in his Jovial Crew, and, often shewed his gallantry in a sprightly kind of verse.

EPISTLE XVI.

Page 54. The young Nobleman to whom Mr. Colman sent this Epistle, was son to the late Earl of Bath.

EPISTLE XVII.

Page 58. Dr. Littleton was educated at Eton, and in 1716, elected to King's College, Cambridge, whence he returned to Eton as assistant, was chosen fellow of that College, and presented to the living of Maple Durham; where he died in 1734. Two volumes of his sermons were afterwards published.

EPISTLE XVIII.

Page 63. This Epistle having been objected to as licentious, the author of Mr. Browne's Life in the Biographia Britannica, hath thus answered the charge:—

“ The irony is so obvious, that it cannot well be
“ mistaken. The fact was, that a young officer,
“ a friend of Mr. Browne, wanted to carry a mis-
“ tress with him to his country quarters; and
“ he desired our author to write a copy of verses, to
“ persuade some lady of easy virtue to comply with
“ his request. Mr. Browne wrote these verses,
“ which were designed as a strong ridicule and severe
“ reproof of such kind of criminal connections; and

“ they produced an immediate effect ; for the young Gentleman gave up all thoughts of his intended companion. The whole must be considered as written in the character of a rakish officer, during a time of profound peace. Bishop Hoadly said, that the verses would do more good than twenty sermons ; and the late Lord Lyttleton expressed a high commendation of their moral tendency.”
VOL. II. p. 652.

63. ————*Ward's popish pills.*] Joshua Ward, the quack. Dr. Misaubin, mentioned just after, was another of the same fraternity.

64. *Sober advice,*————] The publication here referred to, was an imitation of Horace by Mr. Pope, addressed in the name of the Roman Poet, to the young Gentlemen about town, and printed 1734.

66. —————*Sir John*—] Gonson, a Middlesex Justice, the terror of women on the town.

EPISTLE XIX.

Page 67. Captain Thomas, once a student of Christ-Church, and in orders, was afterwards Lieutenant-colonel of Whitmore's regiment, and quarter-master-general. In the first attack on Bellisle, April 8, 1761, he was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner.

ibid. *To right the files, and study Bland.*] “ Bland's Treatise on Military Discipline.”

68. *Steal into Dodsley's new Museum,*] Published in 1746 and 7.

68. ————— *poet Ward.*] A brother officer in the same regiment.

69. *From Lowendhall 'twould pity meet,*] Under this Marshal, the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom was carried on in 1747.

ibid. — *Saxe himself might weep & see't.*] Maurice Count Saxe, natural son of Augustus II. of Poland, was reputed one of the first generals of the age. He died 1750.

EPISTLE XX.

Page 71. Mr. Straight held from his College the rectory of Findon in Sussex, and was collated by Bishop Hoadly to the stall of Warminster in the church of Salisbury. By misfortunes, however, he was greatly impoverished, and two volumes of his sermons were published for his family. He was a man of "extraordinary abilities and excentric good-sense."

74. ————— *Ben.*] Benjamin Hoadly, M. D.

75. ————— *'till you dance a judge;*] Alluding to an antiquated custom of a new judge's dancing, in the hall of the society of which he was a member, with the senior members of it.

EPISTLE XXI.

Page 76. The writer of this Epistle was the youngest son of Bishop Hoadly, born in London, and educated at Hackney, where he distinguished himself, as Phocylas, in the "Siege of Damascus." He was after-

ward both of Ben'et College, Cambridge, and the Temple ; but not liking the law as a profession, he entered into orders, was appointed chancellor of his father's diocese, and successively chaplain to the late Prince and Princess of Wales. He was the author of several little poems, and of some dramatic compositions. Of which one was a tragedy on the fall of Lord Cromwell. He is supposed also to have assisted his brother in his comedy of "the Suspicion Husband." His father's works were collected by him, and published with Memoirs in 3 folio volumes.

76. *In crowded street of Arlington,*] Sir Robert Walpole's residence was then in this street.

EPISTLE XXII.

Page 81. Your Sykeses and your Waterlands] Two celebrated controversialists.

EPISTLE XXIII.

Page 83. The writer of this Epistle was the son of William Duncombe, esquire. Having been instructed in the languages at the Charter-house, he removed to Ben'et College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of M. A. He assisted his father in translating Horace, was the author and editor of various little pieces, and just before his death, published a selection from Julian, &c. with notes, in 2 vols. octavo.— He was one of the six preachers in Christ-Church, Canterbury.

EPISTLE XXV.

Page 88. Dr. Lisle, the son of Edward Lisle, Esq. of Crux-Easton in Hampshire, was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took the successive degrees of Master of Arts, and Bachelor, and Doctor in Divinity. At the time of his death, which happened in March 1767, he was rector of Burghclere, in Hampshire.

89. ———— *poor Dido* ————] Dido.

90. ———— *charming Queensbury* ————] The late Duchess.

ibid. ———— *the best poem* ————] The Iliad.

91. ———— *Plato's master* ————] Socrates.

92. *And I had somewhere seen, you know,*

A finer grove than she could shew.] At Crux-Easton, the work of his Nine Sisters, on which Mr. Pope wrote an inscription, and Mr. Herbert of High-clear, verses.

EPISTLE XXIX.

Page. 108. Of the Lady to whom Dr. Dalton inscribed this Epistle, Mr. Walpole hath observed, that "she had as much taste for the writings of others, as modesty about her own."—She was the intimate friend of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, and not only wrote verses upon her death, but also, in the "Letters from the Dead to the Living," those which are signed CLEORA. The Lord Beauchamp, to

whom Dr. Dalton had been tutor, was her only son. She died at Percy Lodge 1754.

109. ——— *to build the lofty rhyme,*] Milton.

113. *Britannia's naval heroes, &c.*] About that time the crew of the Centurion were expected to pass by from Portsmouth, with the prize-money taken from the Acapulca ship.

117. *Like Smithson's, may his manly heart*

Act not the vain, but generous part, &c.] Sir Hugh Smithson, late Duke of Northumberland; who was married to her only daughter, afterward the Duchess.

EPISTLE XXX.

Page 119. Mr. Whaley was originally of Eton, whence he removed to King's College, Cambridge, and there was contemporary with Earl Camden, Dr. Davies, &c. He was a man of ingenuity and taste. One volume of his Poems was published by himself, and another after his decease.

EPISTLE XXXIII.

Page 129. *But choosing—still at home—to share*

One corner of St. James's Square—] Alluding to the Earl of Hardwicke's house, which is literally so situated.

131. *Where Green's sweet Muse, attunes her song,*] Dr. Green, Professor of Music, who set several of Dr. Hoadly's compositions.

EPISTLE XXXIV.

Page 135. Dr. Waldren was descended from a respectable family, long seated at Exeter. From the grammar school of that city, he was admitted of Exeter College, Oxford; and afterwards elected a fellow of All-Souls. On the death of Dr. Finch, warden of that college in 1708, Dr. Waldren was invited to succeed him. He quitted Exeter (where he had practised physic with a degree of success still remembered) for the purpose; but contracted an illness, on his way to Oxford, which terminated his life, a few days after his arrival. Jacob mentions him "as a well-bred, genteel man, most agreeable in conversation, very polite in his compositions, and peculiarly happy in the expression of his thoughts." On the attack which was the occasion of this Epistle, Dr. CHETWOOD wrote the lines that follow:

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

WELCOME, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
 T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
 Thou that dost Aesculapius e'en deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
 Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council walt,
 And guard from drowzy sleep the eyes of state;

Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry ;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
 Emphatically urge the pains below ;
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace ;
 Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea ;
 Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
 Whence comes this unsought honor unto me ?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
 To visit my poor tabernacle, O—— !

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed ;
 Pleas'd with the plain but hospitable feast,
 Jove bid him ask, and granted his request ;
 So do thou grant (for thou 'rt of race divine,
 Begot on Venus, by the God of Wine)
 My humble suit !—And either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

Page 132. ——— *all the studied luxuries*

That Lamb, or Locket can devise.]

Lamb was Author of a famous book of Cookery, and
Locket, master of a famous eating-house.

EPISTLE XXXV.

Page 134. The admirable Author of this Epistle
 was descended from reputable parents ; who, being
 lissenters themselves, educated their son in their own
 enets. His mind, however, too liberal to submit to

the clogs of a sect, easily threw off its restrictions. Never was a man of more amiable manners, or of livelier wit. His conversation was the delight of all who knew him, whilst his conduct, in the duties of his office, were most exemplary for ability and attention. To the regret of his acquaintance, and the loss of the community, he was cut off, about the age of 41, at his lodgings in Nag's-head-court, Gracechurch-street.

135. ———— *Gildon sells,*

Poetic buckets for dry wells.] Gildon's Art of Poetry.

135. *Raiment from naked bodies won :*

A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Piſt his grandsire won.

HOWARD'S *British Princes*.

ib. *From More so lash'd,* ————] James More Smith, esquire. See Dunciad, B. II. l. 50. and the Notes, where the circumstances of the transaction alluded to are explained.

149. *Such was of late a Corporation,*

The brazen serpent of the nation.] The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums on pledges at legal interest. The proprietors, however, by the villany of those who had the management for them, were bilked of considerable sums. The conduct of this scheme became, in the year 1732, the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of the

conductors, being members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their fraudulent transactions.

153. *As Psapho taught his birds to sing ;]* Psapho was a Libyan, who desirous of being accounted a god, accomplished it by this expedient. Having taken some young birds, and taught them to articulate—“*Psapho is a great God :*” he let them fly into the woods, where other birds catching the notes, his countrymen sacrificed to him.

154. ————*a Youth, &c.]* Mr. Glover, author of *Leonides, Medea, &c.*

